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Romola.

CHAPTER LII.

A PROPHETESS.



THE incidents of that Carnival day seemed to Romola to carry no other personal consequences to her than the new care of supporting poor cousin Brigida in her fluctuating resignation to age and grey hairs ; but they introduced a Lenten time in which she was kept at a high pitch of mental excitement and active effort.

Bernardo del Nero had been elected Gonfaloniere. By great exertions the Medicean party had so far triumphed, and that triumph had deepened Romola's presentiment of some secretly prepared scheme likely to ripen either into success or betrayal during these two months of her godfather's authority. Every morning the dim daybreak as it

peered into her room seemed to be that haunting fear coming back to her. Every morning the fear went with her as she passed through the streets on her way to the early sermon in the Duomo : but there she gradually lost the sense of its chill presence, as men lose the dread of death in the clash of battle.

In the Duomo she felt herself sharing in a passionate conflict which had wider relations than any enclosed within the walls of Florence. For Savonarola was preaching—the last course of Lenten sermons he was ever allowed to finish in the Duomo: he knew that excommunication was imminent, and he had reached the point of defying it. He held up the condition of the Church in the terrible mirror of his unflinching speech, which called things by their right names and dealt in no polite periphrases; he proclaimed with heightening confidence the advent of renovation—of a moment when there would be a general revolt against corruption. As to his own destiny, he seemed to have a double and alternating prevision: sometimes he saw himself taking a glorious part in that revolt, sending forth a voice that would be heard through all Christendom, and making the dead body of the Church tremble into new life, as the body of Lazarus trembled when the divine voice pierced the sepulchre; sometimes he saw no prospect for himself but persecution and martyrdom:—this life for him was only a vigil, and only after death would come the dawn.

The position was one which must have had its impressiveness for all minds that were not of the dullest order, even if they were inclined, as Macchiavelli was, to interpret the Frate's character by a key that presupposed no loftiness. To Romola, whose kindred ardour gave her a firm belief in Savonarola's genuine greatness of purpose, the crisis was as stirring as if it had been part of her personal lot. It blent itself as an exalting memory with all her daily labours; and those labours were calling not only for difficult perseverance, but for new courage. Famine had never yet taken its flight from Florence, and all distress, by its long continuance, was getting harder to bear; disease was spreading in the crowded city, and the Plague was expected. As Romola walked, often in weariness, among the sick, the hungry, and the murmuring, she felt it good to be inspired by something more than her pity—by the belief in a heroism struggling for sublime ends, towards which the daily action of her pity could only tend feebly, as the dews that freshen the weedy ground to-day tend to prepare an unseen harvest in the years to come.

But that mighty music which stirred her in the Duomo was not without its jarring notes. Since those first days of glowing hope when the Frate, seeing the near triumph of good in the reform of the Republic and the coming of the French deliverer, had preached peace, charity, and oblivion of political differences, there had been a marked change of conditions: political intrigue had been too obstinate to allow of the desired oblivion; the belief in the deliverer, who had turned his back on his high mission, seemed to have wrought harm; and hostility, both on a petty and on a grand scale, was attacking the Prophet with new weapons and new determination. It followed that the spirit of contention and self-vindication pierced more and more conspicuously in his sermons; that he was urged to meet the popular demands not only by increased insistence and detail concerning visions and private revelations, but by a tone

of defiant confidence against objectors; and from having denounced the desire for the miraculous, and declared that miracles had no relation to true faith, he had come to assert that at the right moment the Divine power would attest the truth of his prophetic preaching by a miracle. And continually, in the rapid transitions of excited feeling, as the vision of triumphant good receded behind the actual predominance of evil, the threats of coming vengeance against vicious tyrants and corrupt priests gathered some impetus from personal exasperation, as well as from indignant zeal. In the career of a great public orator who yields himself to the inspiration of the moment, that conflict of selfish and unselfish emotion which in most men is hidden in the chamber of the soul, is brought into terrible evidence: the language of the inner voices is written out in letters of fire.

But if the tones of exasperation jarred on Romola, there was often another member of Fra Girolamo's audience to whom they were the only thrilling tones, like the vibration of deep bass notes to the deaf. Baldassarre had found out that the wonderful Frate was preaching again, and as often as he could, he went to hear the Lenten sermon, that he might drink in the threats of a voice which seemed like a power on the side of justice. He went the more because he had seen that Romola went too; for he was waiting and watching for a time when not only outward circumstance, but his own varying mental state, would mark the right moment for seeking an interview with her. Twice Romola had caught sight of his face in the Duomo—once when its dark glance was fixed on hers. She wished not to see it again, and yet she looked for it, as men look for the reappearance of a portent. But any revelation that might be yet to come about this old man was a subordinate fear now: it referred, she thought, only to the past, and her anxiety was almost absorbed by the present.

Yet the stirring Lent passed by; April, the second and final month of her godfather's supreme authority, was near its close; and nothing had occurred to fulfil her presentiment. In the public mind, too, there had been fears, and rumours had spread from Rome of a menacing activity on the part of Piero de' Medici; but in a few days the suspected Bernardo would go out of power. Romola was trying to gather some courage from the review of her futile fears, when on the twenty-seventh, as she was walking out on her usual errands of mercy in the afternoon, she was met by a messenger from Camilla Rucellai, chief among the feminine seers of Florence, desiring her presence forthwith on matters of the highest moment. Romola, who shrank with unconquerable disgust from the shrill excitability of those illuminated women, and had just now a special repugnance towards Camilla because of a report that she had announced revelations hostile to Bernardo del Nero, was at first inclined to send back a flat refusal. Camilla's message might refer to public affairs, and Romola's immediate prompting was to close her ears against knowledge that might only make her mental burden heavier. But it had become so thoroughly her habit to reject her impulsive choice, and to obey passively the guidance of outward claims, that, reproving herself for allowing

her presentiments to make her cowardly and selfish, she ended by compliance, and went straight to Camilla. She found the nervous grey-haired woman in a chamber arranged as much as possible like a convent cell. The thin fingers clutching Romola as she sat, and the eager voice addressing her at first in a loud whisper, caused her a physical shrinking that made it difficult for her to keep her seat.

Camilla had a vision to communicate—a vision in which it had been revealed to her by Romola's Angel, that Romola knew certain secrets concerning her godfather, Bernardo del Nero, which, if disclosed, might save the Republic from peril. Camilla's voice rose louder and higher as she narrated her vision, and ended by exhorting Romola to obey the command of her Angel, and separate herself from the enemy of God.

Romola's impetuosity was that of a massive nature, and, except in moments when she was deeply stirred, her manner was calm and self-controlled. She had a constitutional disgust for the shallow excitability of women like Camilla, whose faculties seemed all wrought up into fantasies, leaving nothing for emotion and thought. The exhortation was not yet ended when she started up and attempted to wrench her arm from Camilla's tightening grasp. It was of no use. The propheticess kept her hold like a crab, and, only incited to more eager exhortation by Romola's resistance, was carried beyond her own intention into a shrill statement of other visions which were to corroborate this. Christ himself had appeared to her and ordered her to send his commands to certain citizens in office that they should throw Bernardo del Nero from the window of the Palazzo Vecchio. Fra Girolamo himself knew of it, and had not dared this time to say that the vision was not of Divine authority.

"And since then," said Camilla, in her excited treble, straining upward with wild eyes towards Romola's face, "the Blessed Infant has come to me and laid a wafer of his sweetness on my tongue in token of his pleasure that I had done his will."

"Let me go!" said Romola, in a deep voice of anger. "God grant you are mad! else you are detestably wicked!"

The violence of her effort to be free was too strong for Camilla this time. She wrenched away her arm and rushed out of the room, not pausing till she had gone hurriedly far along the street, and found herself close to the church of the Badia. She had but to pass behind the curtain under the old stone arch, and she would find a sanctuary shut in from the noise and hurry of the street, where all objects and all uses suggested the thought of an eternal peace subsisting in the midst of turmoil. She turned in, and sinking down on the step of the altar in front of Filippino Lippi's serene Virgin appearing to St. Bernard, she waited in hope that the inward tumult which agitated her would by-and-by subside.

The thought which pressed on her the most acutely was, that Camilla could allege Savonarola's countenance of her wicked folly. Romola did not for a moment believe that he had sanctioned the throwing of Bernardo del Nero from the window as a Divine suggestion; she felt certain that



there was falsehood or mistake in that allegation. Savonarola had become more and more severe in his views of resistance to malcontents; but the ideas of strict law and order were fundamental to all his political teaching. Still, since he knew the possibly fatal effects of visions like Camilla's, since he had a marked distrust of such spirit-seeing women, and kept aloof from them as much as possible, why, with his readiness to denounce wrong from the pulpit, did he not publicly denounce these pretended revelations which brought new darkness instead of light across the conception of a Supreme Will? Why? The answer came with painful clearness: he was fettered inwardly by the consciousness that such revelations were not, in their basis, distinctly separable from his own visions; he was fettered outwardly by the foreseen consequence of raising a cry against himself even among members of his own party, as one who would suppress all Divine inspiration of which he himself was not the vehicle—he or his confidential and supplementary seer of visions, Fra Salvestro.

Romola, kneeling with buried face on the altar step, was enduring one of those sickening moments, when the enthusiasm which had come to her as the only energy strong enough to make life worthy, seemed to be inevitably bound up with vain dreams and wilful eye-shutting. Her mind rushed back with a new attraction towards the strong worldly sense, the dignified prudence, the untheoretic virtues of her godfather, who was to be treated as a sort of Agag because he held that a more restricted form of government was better than the Great Council, and because he would not pretend to forget old ties to the banished family. But with this last thought rose the presentiment of some plot to restore the Medici; and then again she felt that the popular party was half justified in its fierce suspicion. Again she felt that to keep the Government of Florence pure, and to keep out a vicious rule, was a sacred cause; the Frate was right there, and had carried her understanding irrevocably with him. But at this moment the assent of her understanding went alone; it was given unwillingly. Her heart was recoiling from a right allied to so much narrowness; a right apparently entailing that hard systematic judgment of men which measures them by assents and denials quite superficial to the manhood within them. Her affection and respect were clinging with new tenacity to her godfather, and with him to those memories of her father which were in the same opposition to the division of men into sheep and goats by the easy mark of some political or religious symbol.

After all has been said that can be said about the widening influence of ideas, it remains true that they would hardly be such strong agents unless they were taken in a solvent of feeling. The great world-struggle of developing thought is continually foreshadowed in the struggle of the affections, seeking a justification for love and hope. If Romola's intellect had been less capable of discerning the complexities in human things, all the early loving associations of her life would have forbidden her to accept implicitly the denunciatory exclusiveness of Savonarola. She had simply felt that his mind had suggested deeper and more efficacious truth

to her than any other, and the large breathing-room she found in his grand view of human duties had made her patient towards that part of his teaching which she could not absorb, so long as its practical effect came into collision with no strong force in her. But now a sudden insurrection of feeling had brought about that collision. Her indignation, once roused by Camilla's visions, could not pause there, but ran like an illuminating fire over all the kindred facts in Savonarola's teaching, and for the moment she felt what was true in the scornful sarcasms she heard continually flung against him, more keenly than what was false.

But it was an illumination that made all life look ghastly to her. Where were the beings to whom she could cling, with whom she could work and endure, with the belief that she was working for the right? On the side from which moral energy came lay a fanaticism from which she was shrinking with newly startled repulsion; on the side to which she was drawn by affection and memory, there was the presentiment of some secret plotting, which her judgment told her would not be unfairly called crime. And still surmounting every other thought was the dread inspired by Tito's hints, lest that presentiment should be converted into knowledge, in such-a way that she would be torn by irreconcilable claims.

Calmness would not come even on the altar step; it would not come from looking at the serene picture where the saint, writing in the rocky solitude, was being visited by faces with celestial peace in them. Romola was in the hard press of human difficulties, and that rocky solitude was too far off. She rose from her knees that she might hasten to her sick people in the courtyard, and, by some immediate beneficent action, revive that sense of worth in life which at this moment was unfed by any wider faith. But when she turned round, she found herself face to face with a man who was standing only two yards off her. The man was Baldassarre.

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#### CHAPTER LIII.

#### ON SAN MINIATO.

"I would speak with you," said Baldassarre, as Romola looked at him in silent expectation. It was plain that he had followed her, and had been waiting for her. She was going at last to know the secret about him.

"Yes," she said, with the same sort of submission that she might have shown under an imposed penance. "But you wish to go where no one can hear us?"

"Where *he* will not come upon us," said Baldassarre, turning and glancing behind him timidly. "Out—in the air—away from the streets."

"I sometimes go to San Miniato at this hour," said Romola. "If you like, I will go now, and you can follow me. It is far, but we can be solitary there."

He nodded assent, and Romola set out. To some women it might have seemed an alarming risk to go to a comparatively solitary spot with

a man who had some of the outward signs of that madness which Tito attributed to him. But Romola was not given to personal fears, and she was glad of the distance that interposed some delay before another blow fell on her. The afternoon was far advanced, and the sun was already low in the west, when she paused on some rough ground in the shadow of the cypress trunks, and looked round for Baldassarre. He was not far off, but when he reached her, he was glad to sink down on an edge of stony earth. His thick-set frame had no longer the sturdy vigour which belonged to it when he first appeared with the rope round him in the Duomo; and under the transient tremor caused by the exertion of walking up the hill, his eyes seemed to have a more helpless vagueness.

"The hill is steep," said Romola, with compassionate gentleness, seating herself by him. "And I fear you have been weakened by want."

He turned his head and fixed his eyes on her in silence, unable, now the moment for speech was come, to seize the words that would convey the thought he wanted to utter: and she remained as motionless as she could, lest he should suppose her impatient. He looked like nothing higher than a common-bred, neglected old man; but she was used now to be very near to such people, and to think a great deal about their troubles. Gradually his glance gathered a more definite expression, and at last he said with abrupt emphasis—

"Ah! you would have been my daughter!"

The swift flush came in Romola's face and went back again as swiftly, leaving her with white lips a little apart, like a marble image of horror. For her mind, this revelation was made. She divined the facts that lay behind that single word, and in the first moment there could be no check to the impulsive belief which sprang from her keen experience of Tito's nature. The sensitive response of her face was a stimulus to Baldassarre; for the first time his words had wrought their right effect. He went on with gathering eagerness and firmness, laying his hand on her arm.

"You are a woman of proud blood—is it not true? You go to hear the preacher; you hate baseness—baseness that smiles and triumphs. You hate your husband?"

"Oh, God! were you really his father!" said Romola, in a low voice, too entirely possessed by the images of the past to take any note of Baldassarre's question. "Or was it as he said? Did you take him when he was little?"

"Ah, you believe me—you know what he is!" said Baldassarre, exultingly, tightening the pressure on her arm, as if the contact gave him power. "You will help me?"

"Yes," said Romola, not interpreting the words as he meant them. She laid her palm gently on the rough hand that grasped her arm, and the tears came to her eyes as she looked at him. "Oh! it is piteous! Tell me—why, you were a great scholar; you taught him. *How* is it?"

She broke off. Tito's allegation of this man's madness had come across her; and where were the signs even of past refinement? But she

had the self-command not to move her hand. She sat perfectly still, waiting to listen with new caution.

"It is gone!—it is all gone!" said Baldassarre; "and they would not believe me, because he lied, and said I was mad; and they had me dragged to prison. And I am old—my mind will not come back. And the world is against me."

He paused a moment, and his eyes sank as if he were under a wave of despondency. Then he looked up at her again, and said with renewed eagerness—

"But *you* are not against me. He made you love him, and he has been false to you; and you hate him. Yes, he made *me* love him: he was beautiful and gentle, and I was a lonely man. I took him when they were beating him. He slept in my bosom when he was little, and I watched him as he grew, and gave him all my knowledge, and everything that was mine I meant to be his. I had many things: money, and books, and gems. He had my gems—he sold them; and he left me in slavery. He never came to seek me, and when I came back poor and in misery, he denied me. He said I was a madman."

"He told us his father was dead—was drowned," said Romola, faintly. "Surely he must have believed it then. Oh! he could not have been so base *then*!"

A vision had risen of what Tito was to her in those first days when she thought no more of wrong in him than a child thinks of poison in flowers. The yearning regret that lay in that memory brought some relief from the tension of horror. With one great sob the tears rushed forth.

"Ah, you are young, and the tears come easily," said Baldassarre, with some impatience. "But tears are no good; they only put out the fire within, and it is the fire that works. Tears will hinder us. Listen to me."

Romola turned towards him with a slight start. Again the possibility of his madness had darted through her mind, and checked the rush of belief. If, after all, this man were only a mad assassin? But her deep belief in his story still lay behind, and it was more in sympathy than in fear that she avoided the risk of paining him by any show of doubt.

"Tell me," she said, as gently as she could, "how did you lose your memory—your scholarship?"

"I was ill. I can't tell how long—it was a blank. I remember nothing, only at last I was sitting in the sun among the stones, and everything else was darkness. And slowly, and by degrees, I felt something besides that: a longing for something—I did not know what—that never came. And when I was in the ship on the waters I began to know what I longed for; it was for the Boy to come back—it was to find all my thoughts again, for I was locked away outside them all. And I am outside now. I feel nothing but a wall and darkness."

Baldassarre had become dreamy again, and sank into silence, resting

his head between his hands; and again Romola's belief in him had submerged all cautioning doubts. The pity with which she dwelt on his words seemed like the revival of an old pang. Had she not daily seen how her father missed Dino and the future he had dreamed of in that son?

"It all came back once," Baldassarre went on presently. "I was master of everything. I saw all the world again, and my gems, and my books; and I thought I had him in my power; and I went to expose him where—where the lights were and the trees; and he lied again, and said I was mad, and they dragged me away to prison. . . . Wickedness is strong, and he wears armour."

The fierceness had flamed up again. He spoke with his former intensity, and grasped Romola's arm again.

"But you will help me? He has been false to you too. He has another wife, and she has children. He makes her believe he is her husband, and she is a foolish, helpless thing. I will show you where she lives."

The first shock that passed through Romola was visibly one of anger. The woman's sense of indignity was inevitably foremost. Baldassarre instinctively felt her in sympathy with him.

"You hate him," he went on. "Is it not true? There is no love between you; I know that. I know women can hate; and you have proud blood. You hate falseness, and you can love revenge."

Romola sat paralysed by the shock of conflicting feelings. She was not conscious of the grasp that was bruising her tender arm.

"You shall contrive it," said Baldassarre, presently, in an eager whisper. "I have learned by heart that you are his rightful wife. You are a poble woman. You go to hear the preacher of vengeance; you will help justice. But you will think for me. My mind goes—everything goes sometimes—all but the fire. The fire is God: it is justice: it will not die. You believe that—is it not true? If they will not hang him for robbing me, you will take away his armour—you will make him go without it, and I will stab him. I have a knife, and my arm is still strong enough."

He put his hand under his tunic, and reached out the hidden knife, feeling the edge abstractedly, as if he needed the sensation to keep alive his ideas.

It seemed to Romola as if every fresh hour of her life were to become more difficult than the last. Her judgment was too vigorous and rapid for her to fall into the mistake of using futile deprecatory words to a man in Baldassarre's state of mind. She chose not to answer his last speech. She would win time for his excitement to allay itself by asking something else that she cared to know. She spoke rather tremulously—

"You say she is foolish and helpless—that other wife—and believes him to be her real husband. Perhaps he is: perhaps he married her before he married me."

"I cannot tell," said Baldassarre, pausing in that action of feeling the

knife, and looking bewildered. "I can remember no more. I only know where she lives. You shall see her. I will take you; but not now," he added, hurriedly, "*he* may be there. The night is coming on."

"It is true," said Romola, starting up with a sudden consciousness that the sun had set, and the hills were darkening; "but you will come and take me—when?"

"In the morning," said Baldassarre, dreaming that she, too, wanted to hurry to her vengeance.

"Come to me, then, where you came to me to-day, in the church. I will be there at ten; and if you are not there, I will go again towards midday. Can you remember?"

"Midday," said Baldassarre—"only midday. The same place, and mid-day. And, after that," he added, rising, and grasping her arm again with his left hand, while he held the knife in his right; "we will have our revenge. He shall feel the sharp edge of justice. The world is against me, but you will help me."

"I would help you in other ways," said Romola, making a first, timid effort to dispel his illusion about her. "I fear you are in want; you have to labour, and get little. I should like to bring you comforts, and make you feel again that there is some one who cares for you."

"Talk no more about that," said Baldassarre, fiercely. "I will have nothing else. Help me to wring one drop of vengeance on this side of the grave. I have nothing but my knife. It is sharp; but there is a moment after the thrust when men see the face of death,—and it shall be *my* face that he will see."

He loosed his hold, and sank down again in a sitting posture. Romola felt helpless: she must defer all intentions till the morrow.

"Midday, then," she said, in a distinct voice.

"Yes," he answered, with an air of exhaustion. "Go; I will rest here."

She hastened away. Turning at the last spot whence he was likely to be in sight, she saw him seated still.

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#### CHAPTER LIV.

##### THE EVENING AND THE MORNING.

ROMOLA had a purpose in her mind as she was hastening away; a purpose which had been growing through the afternoon hours like a side-stream, rising higher and higher along with the main current. It was less a resolve than a necessity of her feeling. Heedless of the darkening streets, and not caring to call for Maso's slow escort, she hurried across the bridge where the river showed itself black before the distant dying red, and took the most direct way to the Old Palace. She might encounter her husband there. No matter. She could not weigh probabilities; she must discharge her heart. She did not know what she passed in the pillared court or up



the wide stairs; she only knew that she asked an usher for the Gonfaloniere, giving her name, and begging to be shown into a private room.

She was not left long alone with the frescoed figures and the newly-lit tapers. Soon the door opened, and Bernardo del Nero entered, still carrying his white head erect above his silk lucco.

"Romola, my child, what is this?" he said, in a tone of anxious surprise as he closed the door.

She had uncovered her head and went towards him without speaking. He laid his hand on her shoulder, and held her a little away from him that he might see her better. Her face was haggard from fatigue and long agitation, her hair had rolled down in disorder; but there was an excitement in her eyes that seemed to have triumphed over the bodily consciousness.

"What has he done?" said Bernardo, abruptly. "Tell me everything, child; throw away pride. I am your father."

"It is not about myself—nothing about myself," said Romola, hastily. "Dearest godfather, it is about you. I have heard things—some I cannot tell you. But you are in danger in the palace; you are in danger everywhere. There are fanatical men who would harm you, and—and there are traitors. Trust nobody. If you trust, you will be betrayed."

Bernardo smiled.

"Have you worked yourself up into this agitation, my poor child," he said, raising his hand to her head, and patting it gently, "to tell such old truths as that to an old man like me?"

"Oh, no, no! they are not old truths I mean," said Romola, pressing her clasped hands painfully together, as if that action would help her to suppress what must not be told. "They are fresh things that I know, but cannot tell. Dearest godfather, you know I am not foolish. I would not come to you without reason. Is it too late to warn you against any one, *every* one who seems to be working on your side? Is it too late to say, Go to your villa and keep away in the country when these three more days of office are over? Oh, God! perhaps it is too late! and if any harm comes to you, it will be as if I had done it!"

The last words had burst from Romola involuntarily; a long-stifled feeling had found spasmodic utterance. But she herself was startled and arrested.

"I mean," she added, hesitatingly, "I know nothing positive. I only know what fills me with fears."

"Poor child!" said Bernardo, looking at her silently, with quiet penetration for a moment or two. Then he said—"Go, Romola, go home and rest. These fears may be only big ugly shadows of something very little and harmless. Even traitors must see their interest in betraying; the rats will run where they smell the cheese, and there is no knowing yet which way the scent will come."

He paused, and turned away his eyes from her with an air of abstraction, till, with a slow shrug, he added—

"As for warnings, they are of no use to me, child. I enter into no plots, but I never forsake my colours. If I march abreast with obstinate men, who will rush on guns and pikes, I must share the consequences. Let us say no more about that. I have not many years left at the bottom of my sack for them to rob me of. Go, child; go home and rest."

He put his hand on her head again caressingly, and she could not help clinging to his arm, and pressing her brow against his shoulder. Her godfather's caress seemed the last thing that was left to her out of that young filial life, which now looked so happy to her even in its troubles, for they were troubles untainted by anything hateful.

"Is silence best, my Romola?" said the old man.

"Yes, now; but I cannot tell whether it always will be," she answered, hesitatingly, raising her head with an appealing look.

"Well, you have a father's ear while I am above ground"—he lifted the black drapery and folded it round her head, adding—"and a father's home; remember that." Then opening the door, he said: "There, hasten away. You are like a black ghost; you will be safe enough."

When Romola fell asleep that night, she slept deep. Agitation had reached its limits; she must gather strength before she could suffer more; and, in spite of rigid habit, she slept on far beyond sunrise.

When she awoke, it was to the sound of guns. Piero de' Medici, with thirteen hundred men at his back, was before the gate that looks towards Rome.

So much Romola learned from Maso, with many circumstantial additions of dubious quality. A countryman had come in and alarmed the Signoria before it was light, else the city would have been taken by surprise. His master was not in the house, having been summoned to the Palazzo long ago. She sent out the old man again, that he might gather news, while she went up to the loggia from time to time to try and discern any signs of the dreaded entrance having been made, or of its having been effectively repelled. Maso brought her word that the great Piazza was full of armed men, and that many of the chief citizens suspected as friends of the Medici had been summoned to the palace and detained there. Some of the people seemed not to mind whether Piero got in or not, and some said the Signoria itself had invited him; but however that might be, they were giving him an ugly welcome; and the soldiers from Pisa were coming against him.

In her memory of those morning hours, there were not many things that Romola could distinguish as actual external experiences standing markedly out above the tumultuous waves of retrospect and anticipation. She knew that she had really walked to the Badia by the appointed time in spite of street alarms; she knew that she had waited there in vain. And the scene she had witnessed when she came out of the church, and stood watching on the steps while the doors were being closed behind her for the afternoon interval, always came back to her like a remembered waking.

There was a change in the faces and tones of the people, armed and unarmed, who were pausing or hurrying along the streets. The guns were firing again, but the sound only provoked laughter. She soon knew the cause of the change. Piero de' Medici and his horsemen had turned their backs on Florence, and were galloping as fast as they could along the Siena road. She learned this from a substantial shopkeeping Piagnone, who had not yet laid down his pike.

"It is true," he ended, with a certain bitterness in his emphasis. "Piero is gone, but there are those left behind who were in the secret of his coming—we all know that; and if the new Signoria does its duty we shall soon know *who* they are."

The words darted through Romola like a sharp spasm; but the evil they foreshadowed was not yet close upon her, and as she entered her home again, her most pressing anxiety was the possibility that she had lost sight for a long while of Baldassarre.

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## CHAPTER LV.

### WAITING.

THE lengthening sunny days went on without bringing either what Romola most desired or what she most dreaded. They brought no sign from Baldassarre, and, in spite of special watch on the part of the Government, no revelation of the suspected conspiracy. But they brought other things which touched her closely, and bridged the phantom-crowded space of anxiety with active sympathy in immediate trial. They brought the spreading Plague and the Excommunication of Savonarola.

Both those events tended to arrest her incipient alienation from the Frate, and to rivet again her attachment to the man who had opened to her the new life of duty, and who seemed now to be worsted in the fight for principle against profligacy. For Romola could not carry from day to day into the abodes of pestilence and misery the sublime excitement of a gladness that, since such anguish existed, she too existed to make some of the anguish less bitter, without remembering that she owed this transcendent moral life to Fra Girolamo. She could not witness the silencing and excommunication of a man whose distinction from the great mass of the clergy lay, not in any heretical belief, not in his superstitions, but in the energy with which he sought to make the Christian life a reality, without feeling herself drawn strongly to his side.

It was far on in the hot days of June before the Excommunication, for some weeks arrived from Rome, was solemnly published in the Duomo. Romola went to witness the scene, that the resistance it inspired might invigorate that sympathy with Savonarola, which was one source of her strength. It was in memorable contrast with the scene she had been accustomed to witness there. Instead of upturned citizen-faces filling the

vast area under the morning light, the youngest rising amphitheatre-wise towards the walls and making a garland of hope around the memories of age—instead of the mighty voice thrilling all hearts with the sense of great things, visible and invisible, to be struggled for—there were the bare walls at evening made more sombre by the glimmer of tapers, there was the black and grey flock of monks and secular clergy with bent unexpected faces, there was the occasional tinkling of little bells in the pauses of a monotonous voice reading a sentence which had already been long hanging up in the churches, and at last there was the extinction of the tapers, and the slow shuffling tread of monkish feet departing in the dim silence.

Romola's ardour on the side of the Frate was doubly strengthened by the gleeful triumph she saw in hard and coarse faces, and by the fear-stricken confusion in the faces and speech of many among his strongly attached friends. The question where the duty of obedience ends, and the duty of resistance begins, could in no case be an easy one; but it was made overwhelmingly difficult by the belief that the Church was—not a compromise of parties to secure a more or less approximate justice in the appropriation of funds, but—a living organism instinct with Divine power to bless and to curse. To most of the pious Florentines, who had hitherto felt no doubt in their adherence to the Frate, that belief was not an embraced opinion, it was an inalienable impression, like the concavity of the blue firmament; and the boldness of Savonarola's written arguments that the Excommunication was unjust, and that, being unjust, it was not valid, only made them tremble the more, as a defiance cast at a mystic image, against whose subtle immeasurable power there was neither weapon nor defence.

But Romola, whose mind had not been allowed to draw its early nourishment from the traditional associations of the Christian community, in which her father had lived a life apart, felt her relation to the Church only through Savonarola; his moral force had been the only authority to which she had bowed; and in his excommunication she only saw the menace of hostile vice: on one side she saw a man whose life was devoted to the ends of public virtue and spiritual purity, and on the other the assault of alarmed selfishness, headed by a lustful, greedy, lying, and murderous old man, once called Rodrigo Borgia, and now lifted to the pinnacle of infamy as Pope Alexander the Sixth. The finer shades of fact which soften the edge of such antitheses are not apt to be seen except by neutrals, who are not distressed to discern some folly in martyrs and some judiciousness in the men who burn them. But Romola required a strength that neutrality could not give; and this Excommunication, which simplified and ennobled the resistant position of Savonarola by bringing into prominence its wider relations, seemed to come to her like a rescue from the threatening isolation of criticism and doubt. The Frate was now withdrawn from that smaller antagonism against Florentine enemies into which he continually fell in the unchecked excitement of the pulpit, and presented himself simply as appealing to the Christian world against a

vicious exercise of ecclesiastical power. He was a standard-bearer leaping into the breach. Life never seems so clear and easy as when the heart is beating faster at the sight of some generous self-risking deed. We feel no doubt then what is the highest prize the soul can win; we almost believe in our own power to attain it. And by a new current of such enthusiasm Romola was helped through these difficult summer days.

She had ventured on no words to Tito that would apprise him of her late interview with Baldassarre, and the revelation he had made to her. What would such agitating, difficult words win from him? No admission of the truth; nothing, probably, but a cool sarcasm about her sympathy with his assassin. Baldassarre was evidently helpless: the thing to be feared was, not that he should injure Tito, but that Tito, coming upon his traces, should carry out some new scheme for ridding himself of the injured man who was a haunting dread to him. Romola felt that she could do nothing decisive until she had seen Baldassarre again, and learned the full truth about that "other wife"—learned whether she were the wife to whom Tito was first bound.

The possibilities about that other wife, which involved the worst wound to her hereditary pride, mingled themselves as a newly embittering suspicion with the earliest memories of her illusory love, eating away the lingering associations of tenderness with the past image of her husband; and her irresistible belief in the rest of Baldassarre's revelation made her shrink from Tito with a horror which would perhaps have urged some passionate speech in spite of herself if he had not been more than usually absent from home. Like many of the wealthier citizens in that time of pestilence, he spent the intervals of business chiefly in the country: the agreeable Melema was welcome at many villas, and since Romola had refused to leave the city, he had no need to provide a country residence of his own.

But at last, in the later days of July, the alleviation of those public troubles which had absorbed her activity and much of her thought, left Romola to a less counteracted sense of her personal lot. The plague had almost disappeared, and the position of Savonarola was made more hopeful by a favourable magistracy, who were writing urgent vindictory letters to Rome on his behalf, entreating the withdrawal of the Excommunication.

Romola's healthy and vigorous frame was undergoing the reaction of languor inevitable after continuous excitement and over-exertion; but her mental restlessness would not allow her to remain at home without peremptory occupation, except during the sultry hours. In the cool of the morning and evening she walked out constantly, varying her direction as much as possible, with the vague hope that if Baldassarre were still alive she might encounter him. Perhaps some illness had brought a new paralysis of memory, and he had forgotten where she lived—forgotten even her existence. That was her most sanguine explanation of his non-appearance. The explanation she felt to be most probable was, that he had died of the Plague.

## CHAPTER LVI.

## THE OTHER WIFE.

THE morning warmth was already beginning to be rather oppressive to Romola, when, after a walk along by the walls on her way from San Marco, she turned towards the intersecting streets again at the gate of Santa Croce.

The Borgo La Croce was so still, that she listened to her own footsteps on the pavement in the sunny silence, until, on approaching a bend in the street, she saw, a few yards before her, a little child not more than three years old, with no other clothing than his white shirt, pause from a waddling run and look around him. In the first moment of coming nearer she could only see his back—a boy's back, square and sturdy, with a cloud of reddish brown curls above it; but in the next he turned towards her, and she could see his dark eyes wide with tears, and his lower lip pushed up and trembling, while his fat brown fists clutched his shirt helplessly. The glimpse of a tall black figure sending a shadow over him brought his bewildered fear to a climax, and a loud crying sob sent the big tears rolling.

Romola, with the ready maternal instinct which was one hidden source of her passionate tenderness, instantly uncovered her head, and, stooping down on the pavement, put her arms round him, and her cheek against his, while she spoke to him in caressing tones. At first his sobs were only the louder, but he made no effort to get away, and presently the outburst ceased with that strange abruptness which belongs to childish joys and griefs: his face lost its distortion, and was fixed in an open-mouthed gaze at Romola.

"You have lost yourself, little one," she said, kissing him. "Never mind! we will find the house again. Perhaps mamma will meet us."

She divined that he had made his escape at a moment when the mother's eyes were turned away from him, and thought it likely that he would soon be followed.

"Oh, what a heavy, heavy boy!" she said, trying to lift him. "I cannot carry you. Come, then, you must toddle back by my side."

The parted lips remained motionless in awed silence, and one brown fist still clutched the shirt with as much tenacity as ever; but the other yielded itself quite willingly to the wonderful white hand, strong but soft.

"You *have* a mamma?" said Romola, as they set out, looking down at the boy with a certain yearning. But he was mute. A girl under those circumstances might perhaps have chirped abundantly; not so this square-shouldered little man with the big cloud of curls.

He was awake to the first sign of his whereabouts, however. At the



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TRUSSA AT HOME

turning by the front of San Ambrogio he dragged Romola towards it, looking up at her.

"Ah, that is the way home, is it?" she said, smiling at him. He only thrust his head forward and pulled, as an admonition that they should go faster.

There was still another turning that he had a decided opinion about, and then Romola found herself in a short street leading to open garden ground. It was in front of a house at the end of this street that the little fellow paused, pulling her towards some stone stairs. He had evidently no wish for her to loose his hand, and she would not have been willing to leave him without being sure that she was delivering him to his friends. They mounted the stairs, seeing but dimly in that sudden withdrawal from the sunlight, till, at the final landing place, an extra stream of light came from an open doorway. Passing through a small lobby they came to another open door, and there Romola paused. Her approach had not been heard.

On a low chair at the farther end of the room, opposite the light, sat Tessa, with one hand on the edge of the cradle, and her head hanging a little on one side, fast asleep. Near one of the windows, with her back turned towards the door, sat Monna Lisa at her work of preparing salad, in deaf unconsciousness. There was only an instant for Romola's eyes to take in that still scene; for Lillo snatched his hand away from her and ran up to his mother's side, not making any direct effort to wake her, but only leaning his head back against her arm, and surveying Romola seriously from that distance.

As Lillo pushed against her Tessa opened her eyes, and looked up in bewilderment; but her glance had no sooner rested on the figure at the opposite doorway than she started up, blushed deeply, and began to tremble a little, neither speaking nor moving forward.

"Ah! we have seen each other before," said Romola, smiling, and coming forward. "I am glad it was *your* little boy. He was crying in the street; I suppose he had run away. So we walked together a little way, and then he knew where he was, and brought me here. But you had not missed him? That is well, else you would have been frightened."

The shock of finding that Lillo had run away overcame every other feeling in Tessa for the moment. Her colour went again, and, seizing Lillo's arm, she ran with him to Monna Lisa, saying, with a half sob, loud in the old woman's ear—

"Oh, Lisa, you are wicked! Why will you stand with your back to the door? Lillo ran away ever so far into the street."

"Holy Mother!" said Monna Lisa, in her meek, thick tone, letting the spoon fall from her hands. "Where were *you*, then? I thought you were there, and had your eye on him."

"But you *know* I go to sleep when I am rocking," said Tessa, in pettish remonstrance.

"Well, well, we must keep the outer door shut, or else tie him up," said Monna Lisa, "for he'll be as cunning as Satan before long, and that's the holy truth. But how came he back, then?"

This question recalled Tessa to the consciousness of Romola's presence. Without answering, she turned towards her, blushing and timid again, and Monna Lisa's eyes followed her movement. The old woman made a low reverence, and said—

"Doubtless the most noble lady brought him back." Then, advancing a little nearer to Romola, she added, "It's my shame for him to have been found with only his shirt on; but he kicked, and wouldn't have his other clothes on this morning, and the mother, poor thing, will never hear of his being beaten. But what's an old woman to do without a stick when the lad's legs get so strong? Let your nobleness look at his legs."

Lillo, conscious that his legs were in question, pulled his shirt up a little higher, and looked down at their olive roundness with a dispassionate and curious air. Romola laughed, and stooped to give him a caressing shake and a kiss, and this action helped the reassurance that Tessa had already gathered from Monna Lisa's address to Romola. For when Naldo had been told about the adventure at the Carnival, and Tessa had asked him who the heavenly lady that had come just when she was wanted, and had vanished so soon, was likely to be—whether she could be the Holy Madonna herself?—he had answered, "Not exactly, my Tessa; only one of the saints," and had not chosen to say more. So that in the dream-like combination of small experience which made up Tessa's thought, Romola had remained confusedly associated with the pictures in the churches, and when she reappeared, the grateful remembrance of her protection was slightly tinged with religious awe—not deeply, for Tessa's dread was chiefly of ugly and evil beings. It seemed unlikely that good beings would be angry and punish her, as it was the nature of Nofri and the devil to do. And now that Monna Lisa had spoken freely about Lillo's legs and Romola had laughed, Tessa was more at her ease.

"Ninna's in the cradle," she said. "*She's* pretty too."

Romola went to look at the sleeping Ninna, and Monna Lisa, one of the exceptionally meek deaf, who never expect to be spoken to, returned to her salad.

"Ah! she is waking: she has opened her blue eyes," said Romola. "You must take her up, and I will sit down in this chair—may I?—and nurse Lillo. Come, Lillo!"

She had sat down in Tito's chair, and put out her arms towards the lad, whose eyes had followed her. He hesitated, and, pointing his small finger at her with a half-puzzled, half-angry feeling, said, "That's Babbo's chair," not seeing his way out of the difficulty if Babbo came and found Romola in his place.

"But Babbo is not here, and I shall go soon. Come, let me nurse you as he does," said Romola, wondering to herself for the first time what sort of

Babbo he was whose wife was dressed in contadina fashion, but had a certain daintiness about her person that indicated idleness and plenty. Lillo consented to be lifted up, and, finding the lap exceedingly comfortable, began to explore her dress and hands, to see if there were any ornaments besides her rosary.

Tessa, who had hitherto been occupied in coaxing Ninna out of her waking peevishness, now sat down in her low chair, near Romola's knee, arranging Ninna's tiny person to advantage, jealous that the strange lady too seemed to notice the boy most, as Naldo did.

"Lillo was going to be angry with me because I sat in Babbo's chair," said Romola, as she bent forward to kiss Ninna's little foot. "Will he come soon and want it?"

"Ah, no!" said Tessa; "you can sit in it a long while. I shall be sorry when you go. When you first came to take care of me at the Carnival, I thought it was wonderful; you came and went away again so fast. And Naldo said, perhaps you were a saint, and that made me tremble a little, though the saints are very good, I know; and you were good to me, and now you have taken care of Lillo. Perhaps you will always come and take care of me. That was how Naldo did a long while ago; he came and took care of me when I was frightened, one San Giovanni. I couldn't think where he came from—he was so beautiful and good. And so are you," ended Tessa, looking up at Romola with devout admiration.

"Naldo is your husband. His eyes are like Lillo's," said Romola, looking at the boy's darkly-pencilled eyebrows, unusual at his age. She did not speak interrogatively, but with a quiet certainty of inference which was necessarily mysterious to Tessa.

"Ah! you know him!" she said, pausing a little in wonder. "Perhaps you know Nofri and Peretola, and our house on the hill, and everything. Yes, like Lillo's; but not his hair. His hair is dark and long—" she went on, getting rather excited. "Ah! if you know it, *ecco!*"

She had put her hand to a thin red silk cord that hung round her neck, and drew from her bosom the tiny old parchment *Breve*, the horn of red coral, and a long dark curl carefully tied at one end and suspended with those mystic treasures. She held them towards Romola, away from Ninna's snatching hand.

"It is a fresh one. I cut it lately. See how bright it is!" she said, laying it against the white background of Romola's fingers. "They get dim, and then he lets me cut another when his hair is grown; and I put it with the *Breve*, because sometimes he is away a long while, and then it helps to take care of me."

A slight shiver passed through Romola as the curl was laid across her fingers. At Tessa's first mention of her husband as having come mysteriously she knew not whence, a possibility had risen before Romola that made her heart beat faster; for to one who is anxiously in search of a certain object, the faintest suggestions have a peculiar significance.

And when the curl was held towards her, it seemed for an instant like a mocking phantasm of the lock she herself had cut to wind with one of her own five years ago. But she preserved her outward calmness, bent not only on knowing the truth, but also on coming to that knowledge in a way that would not pain this poor, trusting, ignorant thing, with the child's mind in the woman's body. "Foolish and helpless:" yes; so far she corresponded to Baldassarre's account.

"It is a beautiful curl," she said, resisting the impulse to withdraw her hand. "Lillo's curls will be like it, perhaps, for *his* cheek, too, is dark. And you never know where your husband goes to when he leaves you?"

"No," said Tessa, putting back her treasures out of the children's way. "But I know Messer Saint Michael takes care of him, for he gave him a beautiful coat, all made of little chains; and if he puts that on, nobody can kill him. And, perhaps, if—" Tessa hesitated a little, under a recurrence of that original dreamy wonder about Romola which had been expelled by chatting contact—"if you *were* a saint, you would take care of him, too, because you have taken care of me and Lillo."

An agitated flush came over Romola's face in the first moment of certainty, but she had bent her cheek against Lillo's head. The feeling that leaped out in that flush was something like exultation at the thought that the wife's burden might be about to slip from her overladen shoulders; that this little ignorant creature might prove to be Tito's lawful wife. A strange exultation for a proud and high-born woman to have been brought to! But it seemed to Romola as if that were the only issue that would make duty anything else for her than an insoluble problem. Yet she was not deaf to Tessa's last appealing words; she raised her head, and said, in her clearest tones,—

"I will always take care of you, if I see you need me. But that beautiful coat? your husband did not wear it when you were first married? Perhaps he used not to be so long away from you then?"

"Ah, yes! he was. Much—much longer. So long, I thought he would never come back. I used to cry. Oh, me! I was beaten then; a long, long while ago at Peretola, where we had the goats and mules."

"And how long had you been married before your husband had that chain-coat?" said Romola, her heart beating faster and faster.

Tessa looked meditative, and began to count on her fingers, and Romola watched the fingers as if they would tell the secret of her destiny.

"The chestnuts were ripe when we were married," said Tessa, marking off her thumb and fingers again as she spoke; "and then again they were ripe at Peretola before he came back, and then again, after that, on the hill. And soon the soldiers came and we heard the trumpets, and then Naldo had the coat."

"You had been married more than two years. In which church were you married?" said Romola, too entirely absorbed by one thought to put any question that was less direct. Perhaps before the next morning she



might go to her godfather and say that she was not Tito Melema's lawful wife—that the vows which had bound her to strive after an impossible union had been made void beforehand.

Tessa gave a slight start at Romola's new tone of inquiry, and looked up at her with a hesitating expression. Hitherto she had prattled on without consciousness that she was making revelations, any more than when she said old things over and over again to Monna Lisa.

"Naldo said I was never to tell about that," she said, doubtfully. "Do you think he would not be angry if I told you?"

"It is right that you should tell me. Tell me everything," said Romola, looking at her with mild authority.

If the impression from Naldo's command had been much more recent than it was, the constraining effect of Romola's mysterious authority would have overcome it. But the sense that she was telling what she had never told before made her begin with a lowered voice.

"It was not in a church—it was at the Natività, when there was the fair, and all the people went overnight to see the Madonna in the Nunziata, and my mother was ill and couldn't go, and I took the bunch of cocoons for her; and then he came to me in the church and I heard him say, 'Tessa!' I knew him because he had taken care of me at the San Giovanni, and then we went into the Piazza where the fair was, and I had some *berlingozzi*, for I was hungry and he was very good to me; and at the end of the Piazza there was a holy father and an altar like what they have at the processions outside the churches. So he married us, and then Naldo took me back into the church and left me; and I went home, and my mother died, and Nofri began to beat me more, and Naldo never came back. And I used to cry, and once at the Carnival I saw him and followed him, and he was angry, and said he would come some time, I must wait. So I went and waited; but, oh! it was a long while before he came; but he would have come if he could, for he was good; and then he took me away, because I cried and said I could not bear to stay with Nofri. And, oh! I was so glad, and since then I have been always happy, for I don't mind about the goats and mules, because I have Lillo and Ninna now; and Naldo is never angry, only I think he doesn't love Ninna so well as Lillo, and she is pretty."

Quite forgetting that she had thought her speech rather momentous at the beginning, Tessa fell to devouring Ninna with kisses, while Romola sat in silence with absent eyes. It was inevitable that in this moment she should think of the three beings before her chiefly in their relation to her own lot, and she was feeling the chill of disappointment that her difficulties were not to be solved by external law. She had relaxed her hold of Lillo, and was leaning her cheek against her hand, seeing nothing of the scene around her. Lillo was quick in perceiving a change that was not agreeable to him; he had not yet made any return to her caresses, but he objected to their withdrawal, and putting up both his brown arms to pull her head towards him, he said, "Play with me again!"

Romola, roused from her self-absorption, clasped the lad anew, and looked from him to Tessa, who had now paused from her shower of kisses, and seemed to have returned to the more placid delight of contemplating the heavenly lady's face. That face was undergoing a subtle change, like the gradual oncoming of a warmer, softer light. Presently Romola took her scissors from her *scarsella*, and cut off one of her long wavy locks, while the three pair of wide eyes followed her movements with kitten-like observation.

"I must go away from you now," she said, "but I will leave this lock of hair that it may remind you of me, because if you are ever in trouble you can think that perhaps God will send me to take care of you again. I cannot tell you where to find me, but if I ever know that you want me, I will come to you. Addio!"

She had set down Lillo hurriedly, and held out her hand to Tessa, who kissed it with a mixture of awe and sorrow at this parting. Romola's mind was oppressed with thoughts; she needed to be alone as soon as possible, but with her habitual care for the least fortunate, she turned aside to put her hand in a friendly way on Monna Lisa's shoulder and make her a farewell sign. Before the old woman had finished her deep reverence, Romola had disappeared.

Monna Lisa and Tessa moved towards each other by simultaneous impulses, while the two children stood clinging to their mother's skirts as if they, too, felt the atmosphere of awe.

"Do you think she *was* a saint?" said Tessa, in Lisa's ear, showing her the lock.

Lisa rejected that notion very decidedly by a backward movement of her fingers, and then stroking the rippled gold, said,—

"She's a great and noble lady. I saw such in my youth."

Romola went home and sat alone through the sultry hours of that day with the heavy certainty that her lot was unchanged. She was thrown back again on the conflict between the demands of an outward law which she recognized as a widely ramifying obligation and the demands of inner moral facts which were becoming more and more peremptory. She had drunk in deeply the spirit of that teaching by which Savonarola had urged her to return to her place. She felt that the sanctity attached to all close relations, and, therefore, pre-eminently to the closest, was but the expression in outward law of that result towards which all human goodness and nobleness must spontaneously tend; that the light abandonment of ties, whether inherited or voluntary, because they had ceased to be pleasant, was the uprooting of social and personal virtue. What else had Tito's crime towards Baldassarre been but that abandonment working itself out to the most hideous extreme of falsity and ingratitude?

And the inspiring consciousness breathed into her by Savonarola's influence that her lot was vitally united with the general lot had exalted even the minor details of obligation into religion. She was marching with a great army; she was feeling the stress of a common life. If victims

were needed, and it was uncertain on whom the lot might fall, she would stand ready to answer to her name. She had stood long; she had striven hard to fulfil the bond; but she had seen all the conditions which made the fulfilment possible gradually forsaking her. The one effect of her marriage-tie seemed to be the stifling predominance over her of a nature that she despised. All her efforts at union had only made its impossibility more palpable, and the relation had become for her simply a degrading servitude. The law was sacred. Yes, but rebellion might be sacred too. It flashed upon her mind that the problem before her was essentially the same as that which had lain before Savonarola—the problem where the sacredness of obedience ended and where the sacredness of rebellion began. To her, as to him, there had come one of those moments in life when the soul must dare to act on its own warrant, not only without external law to appeal to, but in the face of a law which is not unarmed with Divine lightnings—lightnings that may yet fall if the warrant has been false.

Before the sun had gone down she had adopted a resolve. She would ask no counsel of her godfather or of Savonarola until she had made one determined effort to speak freely with Tito and obtain his consent that she should live apart from him. She desired not to leave him clandestinely again, or to forsake Florence. She would tell him that, if he ever felt a real need of her, she would come back to him. Was not that the utmost faithfulness to her bond that could be required of her? A shuddering anticipation came over her that he would clothe a refusal in a sneering suggestion that she should enter a convent as the only mode of quitting him that would not be scandalous. He knew well that her mind revolted from that means of escape, not only because of her own repugnance to a narrow rule, but because all the cherished memories of her father forbade that she should adopt a mode of life which was associated with his deepest griefs and his bitterest dislike.

Tito had announced his intention of coming home this evening. She would wait for him, and say what she had to say at once, for it was difficult to get his ear during the day. If he had the slightest suspicion that personal words were coming, he slipped away with an appearance of unpremeditated ease. When she sent for Maso to tell him that she would wait for his master, she observed that the old man looked at her and lingered with a mixture of hesitation and wondering anxiety; but finding that she asked him no question, he slowly turned away. Why should she ask questions? Perhaps Maso only knew or guessed something of what she knew already.

It was late before Tito came. Romola had been pacing up and down the long room which had once been the library, with the windows open and a loose white linen robe on instead of her usual black garment. She was glad of that change after the long hours of heat and motionless meditation; but the coolness and exercise made her more intensely wakeful, and as she went with the lamp in her hand to open the door for Tito he might well have been startled by the vividness of her eyes and the

expression of painful resolution which was in contrast with her usual self-restrained quiescence before him. But it seemed that this excitement was just what he expected.

"Ah! it is you, Romola. Maso is gone to bed," he said, in a grave, quiet tone, interposing to close the door for her. Then, turning round, he said, looking at her more fully than he was wont, "You have heard it all, I see."

Romola quivered. *He*, then, was inclined to take the initiative. He had been to Tessa. She led the way through the nearest door, set down her lamp, and turned towards him again.

"You must not think despairingly of the consequences," said Tito, in a tone of soothing encouragement, at which Romola stood wondering, until he added, "The accused have too many family ties with all parties not to escape; and Messer Bernardo del Nero has other things in his favour besides his age."

Romola started, and gave a cry as if she had been suddenly stricken by a sharp weapon.

"What! you did not know it?" said Tito, putting his hand under her arm that he might lead her to a seat; but she seemed to be unaware of his touch.

"Tell me," she said, hastily—"tell me what it is."

"A man, whose name you may forget—Lamberto dell' Antella—who was banished, has been seized within the territory: a letter has been found on him of very dangerous import to the chief Mediceans, and the scoundrel, who was once a favourite hound of Piero de' Medici, is ready now to swear what any one pleases against him or his friends. Some have made their escape, but five are now in prison."

"My godfather?" said Romola, scarcely above a whisper, as Tito made a slight pause.

"Yes; I grieve to say it. But along with him there are three, at least, whose names have a commanding interest even among the popular party—Nicolò Ridolfi, Lorenzo Tornabuoni, and Giannozzo Pucci."

The tide of Romola's feelings had been violently turned into a new channel. In the tumult of that moment there could be no check to the words which came as the impulsive utterance of her long-accumulating horror. When Tito had named the men of whom she felt certain he was the confederate, she said, with a recoiling gesture and low-toned bitterness—

"And *you*—you are safe?"

"You are certainly an amiable wife, my Romola," said Tito, with the coldest irony. "Yes; I am safe."

They turned away from each other in silence.

## Westminster Abbey,

MARCH 25, 1863.

Two years and a half—or may-be three years ago—there came to England, bringing with him from the Indian mutiny a great name and a wasted body, a soldier who had done his work so well that all men rejoiced to welcome him. He was an officer of the old Company's army then moribund, and he had made his way to the front, without patronage and without privilege, under that great Monarchy of the Middle Classes, doing on the road so many great and so many good deeds that, although not belonging to, or cherished by, "the families," men of all kinds, even in England, admitted that there was some greatness in him, and that he was of the true Nobility of the earth.

There were men of higher rank than JAMES OUTRAM; men who had commanded greater armies, and who had governed more extensive territories. There was no one great event, changing the destinies of empires, to which he could point as peculiarly his own. His career was without a Waterloo. But a life of sustained devotion to the public service, a life made beautiful by repeated acts of heroism and chivalry, a life of stainless truth and unsullied honour, made England echo back the praises which pealed across the Eastern seas. So London did what Calcutta had done only a short time before: held a great meeting in his honour, voted him a statue, and otherwise expressed the admiration due to a life which was a noble lesson. What his career had been, we then tried briefly to set forth in these pages; \* but the much that there was to say made it difficult to say it in narrow space, and it was but a scant record after all, of years crowded with adventure. It was the history, too, of a living man; written, therefore, not without some reservation of the feelings of love and veneration which inspired the writer. He little thought how near was the time when all the truth might be spoken without offence to the modest nature of the man. But Outram has passed into the great muster-roll of buried heroes, and the tongue of praise need no longer be still.

In what we wrote two years ago, the story of Outram's life was briefly told to the end. The rest is but a record of its fading away. It was truly said of him that he "sank beneath the burden of peace." He said this, indeed, of himself; and when friends said, consolingly, that rest and change of scene, and a mild, dry climate would restore him to health, he

\* *Cornhill Magazine*, No. 13, for January, 1861: Article, "The Career of an Indian Officer."

used to answer, with a languid smile on his worn face, that the only thing that could set him up again was "another war." Not that he was without a right sense of the horrors of war; for he was essentially a humane man. He was one, indeed—

Who, doomed to go in company with pain,  
And fear, and bloodshed, miserable train,  
Turns his necessity to glorious gain;  
In face of these doth exercise a power,  
Which is our human nature's highest dower;  
Controls them, and subdues, transmutes, bereaves  
Of their bad influence, and their good receives;  
By objects which might force the soul to abate  
Her feelings, rendered more compassionate.

But the performance of duties, which kept him in a state of intense action, braced and invigorated him, beyond all example. At the sound of the trumpet, his feebleness thrilled into strength; the fire was rekindled in his eye; the pain and languor written on his face gave way to the glow of energy and vigour. He could not sicken with the sword in his hand; but when he returned it to the scabbard, human weakness reasserted itself and the frail body succumbed beneath the incubus of peace. Twice had the *vis medicatrix belli* arrested the hand of death. And even a third time, though spent and shattered more and more by each new conflict with nature, he might have risen again from his prostration and gone out to do his country's bidding. But the work of the soldier was done. There was nothing to rouse him. He had everything that could throw sunshine on his declining years. Honours and rewards were poured upon him with a liberal hand. The cravings of a noble ambition were fully satisfied. He had, perhaps, more friends than ever fell to the lot of man. But the great stimulus of a call to duty was wanting. He went abroad; wandered over Egypt; his ever active mind full of the thought that some day the land of the Pharaohs might be the field of a great battle fought for the supremacy of the Indies; but he returned to England, little better for the change, and his friends saw with sorrow and alarm that he was still only a wreck of the James Outram who had tamed the Bheels of Candesh, who had hunted the Ameer of Caubul, defended the Residency of Hyderabad, and battled with gigantic corruption at the Court of the Guicowar.

On a fine July morning in the year which has just gone, there was a gathering of many of those friends in his house on the western frontier of London. They had gone thither to present the address voted at the meeting held in St. James's more than a year before; and it bore the names of all in England and in India who had subscribed to the testimonials which were to mark the public sense of his services and his character. To what length the parchment bearing those names might have been rolled out could only be dimly conjectured, for it had stretched itself over the floor of a room of no small dimensions without sensibly



diminishing the bulk of the scroll, and there were those who proposed laughingly to adjourn, for more fitting space, to the neighbouring Exhibition building.

There were many men of note among those then assembled; indeed, it may be said that almost every man had some celebrity of his own, or, at least, had done some good service to the State; and the address then read by their ducal spokesman must have pleased Outram as much as the assemblage. His answer, in its plain, unpretending modesty, was characteristic of the man. He said that he had tried to do his duty, but that he feared he had not done it all so well as had been declared in the address. And he added, with a graceful reference to the old Company's army—a reference in which there was a touch of sadness, for its name had become Ichabod—"I was reared under a system which gave to every man an equal chance of going to the front, and I owe it to that system that I am now standing before you." He owed it to the system, not to patronage or to privilege; but he owed it no less to himself. It was because the right man strove mightily under the right system that he stood there to receive the praises of his countrymen. Whether any system could have kept him in the background with energies and impulses such as his, gathering strength from resistance, Heaven only knows; but certain is it that only on that theatre of action was such a career as Outram's possible. He might have risen to higher command; he might have been a greater soldier. But only under the Indian system are soldier-statesmen reared—men of the same class and the same calibre as John Malcolm, Henry Lawrence, and James Outram. It was for no one great thing that the many who had signed the address honoured him who now stood there to receive it. It was for the varied work that he had done; for the good true stuff of which he had shown himself to be made, in so many different conjunctures, all testing the highest qualities of humanity, and always bringing him triumphantly through the ordeal. An Indian "political" is a public functionary *sui generis*; a soldier yesterday, a diplomatist to-day, an administrator to-morrow. He fights battles, negotiates treaties, governs provinces; is always ready for work, the sword in one hand, the portfolio in the other; always self-reliant and courageous because habituated to power and to responsibility, and always fertile in resources because accustomed to independent action in remote positions far away from authority and control. This is the system of which Outram spoke on that July morning—a system which trains men to trust to themselves, and releases them perforce from the thralldom and the martyrdom of Red Tape.

"The memory of your great kindness," he said in conclusion, "will go with me to the grave." And there were some who, hearing the words, thought sorrowfully that the passage would not be a long one. And they were right. A few months later, many of the same friends were assembled in the same rooms; and in another room beneath the same roof lay in a coffin all that was mortal of James Outram. He

had spent the winter in the south of France, and on that memorable night of the 10th of March, when all England was in a great blaze of enthusiasm, rejoicing in the bridals of a young Prince, the veteran hero lay dying in a foreign town, and news soon came that he was dead. On the 11th of March, 1863, at the age of threescore, James Outram died at Pau; and a fortnight later crowds were flocking to Westminster Abbey to see his remains laid in the grave of the great burial-place of the mighty dead.

The Government, which he had served so long and so devotedly, gave him a public funeral, and so great was the veneration in which he had been held, that people came from a distance to pay him the last honours, and hundreds sought admittance to the Abbey, to whom it was of necessity reluctantly refused. It was a solemn and a touching scene. Not many months before many of the same mourners had stood around the grave of another great man, who had also returned from the scene of the Indian mutiny to find not a home, but a burial-place in England—a great man, who had serenely confronted danger and disaster in a distant land, in a destroying climate, with everything around him to disturb and to depress, and only his own good conscience, his own brave heart, to sustain him; who had gone through fiery trials, unhurt and unmoved, so that men who could not fathom his greatness came to speak of him as of a stock or a stone; who had stood firm at his post until the battle had been fought out to the last, yielding neither to sickness nor to sorrow; but who, when his country no longer needed his services, and his work was done, came home, and amidst all peaceful and harmonious surroundings, with the praises of his Sovereign, the applause of his countrymen, and the kind words of kindred in his ears, laid himself down to die—

Like some brave ship that weathers out the storm,  
But goes to pieces safely moored in port.

There were some, doubtless, who, in Westminster Abbey, on the 25th of March, thought of this, and how the two had sate together in council, and how they had admired and honoured each other, not the less for some conflicts of opinion. They thought how Outram, strong in his sense of right (it matters not on which side the right really lay), did battle bravely with higher authority, and never yielded an inch of what he held to be the truth. There were some, perhaps, who revered him most of all for the contentions which, from time to time, had thrown shadows over, but left no dark spots upon, his life; for the manliness with which, ever sustained by a strong faith in the goodness of his cause, he had provoked the frowns and dared the censures of men above him on the official ladder, not because he was by nature contentious or intolerant of control, for no man had a more genial temper or a more soldierly respect for higher authority, but because he believed it to be his duty, against any odds, to do battle with tyranny, injustice, and corruption. They thought, perhaps, looking back at his past career, what sharp rocks lie along the path of duty, what pitfalls there

are to be escaped, what dark and bewildering forests to be groped through before the clear light of the open plain is to be found; and, thinking this, they may have felt in their inmost hearts that Outram's greatest victories were not those which he achieved over savage tribes, or perfidious nations, or armies disciplined and equipped by ourselves; and, thinking of these greater victories, they threw a wreath upon his bier.

Others there were who, knowing little of these conflicts, and how more than all else they had revealed the inner worth of the man, suffered their thoughts to flow into different channels. There were men who had known him almost from his boyhood, and men who had known him only as General Sir James Outram, commanding a division of the army which had crushed out the life of the Indian rebellion. For it was a peculiarity of Outram's fame that there was a many-sidedness about it, seldom, if ever, equalled in the lives of our greatest men. There were those beside his grave who had known him as a mighty hunter, in days when John Malcolm, himself a tiger-slayer, was Governor of Bombay—men, who had ridden many desperate raids with him against the savage denizens of the jungle, and could speak of the cool courage with which he ever confronted danger and the impulsive daring which often sent him in search of it. They thought of the indomitable pluck he had shown in single-handed encounter with royal tigers, and how, with his head in the mouth of a panther, he had narrowly escaped death, but had gone again to the field with renewed appetite for similar adventures. They may not, perhaps, have thought how it was not always for mere pastime that Outram had thus risked a life which his country could ill spare; for with a rude people this mastery over the beasts of the forest is no small element of diplomatic success. But anyhow, they honoured him for his daring; and they also threw a wreath upon his bier.\*

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\* The ascendancy which Outram gained over the *Bheels* was in no small measure attributable to the reputation which he gained among them as a mighty hunter. He has himself noted down some curious circumstances relating to their superstitions. "They have a belief," he wrote, "that those who slay a tiger maintain power over that animal in the next world; but that those slain by a tiger are rendered hereafter subservient to the animal. On one occasion, when Cundoo Havildar was mortally wounded, he implored me to hasten and kill the tiger whilst he was yet alive, saying that as he had marked the animal down, and left scouts to watch him, its death would be attributable to him, and he might then die in peace. I succeeded in slaying the monster, and hastened to assure Cundoo of the fact. He was just dying when I went to him, but had sense left to understand and express his satisfaction, immediately after which he expired. . . . On all occasions of danger the *Bheels* displayed astonishing presence of mind and *pluck*; and almost invariably when, in tracking a tiger, they suddenly came upon the animal, they caused him to slink off, from the bold front they maintained. Whether the *Bheel* became singly opposed to a tiger, or several were together, he never thought of turning or running, but caused the brute to walk off instead by literally staring him out of countenance. Often in critical moments, when hunting on foot, has a tiger been turned from me by my faithful *Bheels*; and on one occasion, when a panther had got me down, they killed him with their swords, when rolling with me on the ground, with my head in his mouth."

In moments of calm reflection, sitting quietly in our homes, we lay it down as a precept not to be gainsaid, that men whose lives belong to the State have no right unnecessarily to risk them. Nothing in the abstract can be more true. But we must look at these things in the aggregate, and not forget how the very hardihood and daring of the national character, which takes no account of such risks, has contributed to the success of our great Indian career. There may be plentiful compensation, although we see it not at the time, for the loss even of the most serviceable lives. But men, when the blood is warm within them, do not take this debtor and creditor view of things; they are in no mood to strike a balance; but go forward as the impulse moves them. That Outram did so must be admitted; it was not in his nature to do otherwise. Witness the manner in which he exposed his life on the first advance upon Lucknow. Higher authority decreed that he was wrong. It was not for men whose lives were so much wanted in that crisis to expose themselves to unnecessary danger. There was nothing that Outram so much coveted as the Victoria Cross. If this was an infirmity it was an infirmity of a noble mind. There was one beside his grave, on that 25th of March, to whom Outram had said a few months before his death, with the modesty which was a part of him,—“I do not wish you to think too highly of my surrender of the command to Havelock. They have made more of it than it deserves. It was not all unselfishness upon my part; for I eagerly longed for a chance of going in for the Victoria Cross.” The friend to whom he said this honoured him for the avowal; but told him that his life was too precious at that time to warrant his running after a cross like a hot-headed boy, and knocking down rebels armed to the teeth with no more formidable weapon than a stick. He smiled, as if it were an old platitude. He had heard it before from the lips, and read it from the pens of greater men. There was one great man beside his grave who perhaps felt that though, as commander-in-chief of the army, he had been bound to discourage such impulsiveness as this on the part of one in Outram's place, yet that as a soldier, and a soldier “war-bred” as Napier called him, he could not help honouring the youthful ardour and impulsiveness of the veteran of threescore. And doubtless, thinking of this, and of all Outram's fine soldierly qualities, the noble old chief, whose grey head was bowed sorrowfully beside the hero's grave, threw also his wreath upon the bier.

But it was not merely personal ambition that moved Outram to expose his life in that particular conjuncture by deeds of personal gallantry. “I conceive,” he wrote in 1859, “that as a soldier I was simply in the position of a mere volunteer, during the period I abdicated the command to General Havelock. I am not so satisfied, however, that I can justly contend against the impression, which I regret to find is entertained by the Governor-General, that I too readily ignored the responsibilities of the high civil position in which he had placed me, even whilst its duties were in abeyance from the impossibility of conducting them, while yet we

possessed no footing in Oude. In that view, his excellency's arguments against the course I pursued on this occasion are too cogent, though so kindly and courteously expressed, to allow me to blind myself to the fact that I was not justified in so entirely losing sight, as I cannot but feel conscious that I did, of my position of chief commissioner of Oude. But I beg to be allowed to urge as somewhat extenuating my apparent selfishness in seeking personal distinction in the field, while yet my civil functions were literally *nil*, that until Lucknow fell to our arms or returned to allegiance on relief of the garrison, there could be no possibility of a chief commissioner being required; and to effect the great object which we then had in view, every man of the force, military or civil, was required to do the duty of a soldier. But I hope I was actuated by better motives than the mere seeking of personal distinction. I felt that it was more incumbent on myself than on any man in the force to show the soldiers that I did not shrink from any dangers to which they themselves were exposed, in a struggle which they all knew I had drawn them into. Our success depended on all being nerved by the same spirit; and the holding back of so prominent an individual as their late general, on the plea of his position as chief commissioner, would not have promoted such a spirit. It was an object certainly to inspire our small body of cavalry, in their first contest, with the enthusiasm required to carry them through what we knew they would have to encounter ere we reached Lucknow." "But," he added, with that irresistible desire to do full justice to others which was so noble a feature of his character, "my interference was little needed to that end with men under Captain Barrow's command, and would not have been exerted, perhaps, had I had previous opportunities of testing that officer's qualifications for command. The cavalry affair, however, was mere pastime to what was before us when imperative duty demanded my exposure; for I state but the truth, to which the whole army will testify, declaring it in self-defence against the imputation of needlessly exposing myself, that had I gone to the rear when wounded on the morning of the 25th of September, the column would not have penetrated into the city, nor without my guidance could it have reached the Residency." Such is Outram's own account of the Victoria Cross episode; and all that we need say about it is, that to have done otherwise than he did would have been very much unlike all that we know of the character of James Outram. It was not in him when danger threatened to refrain from going to the front.

That he was ambitious is not to be denied; but his ambition had but little of the common element of selfishness. He would never consent to rise at the expense of others, nor would he benefit himself to the injury of the State. No man was ever more liberal in the bestowal of praise on others, more willing to acknowledge the assistance he had derived from his comrades, or more eager to obtain for them the recognition of the Crown. Indeed, it may be said that he almost wearied the Government by importuning them to obtain honours and rewards for the officers

and men who had served under him. "Of him it may be said," wrote one who had served under him at the Alumbagh, "if it can be said of any one in a public capacity, that he was beloved by every one; and no trait in his character stands forth more pre-eminently than the manner in which he tries to advance the interests of, and prove a friend to, those whose merits have entitled them to his favourable opinion." "His generosity to his soldiers, and care of them, is only equalled by his rare abnegation of self, and the way in which he avoids pushing himself before the public." Truly might we say with Mark Antony, that "ambition should be made of sterner stuff." It was, indeed, always with some reference to the good of others, or to the honour of the great service to which he was so proud of belonging, that he coveted personal distinction; but, even for this, he would have taken no high office, the duties of which he did not know that he was capable of adequately discharging. If he thought that any man was capable of doing the work better than himself, he was always willing to give place to him. Thus when, during his employment at the head of the British army in Persia, Lord Canning found it necessary to make some new disposition of the great political appointments under his government, and called Sir Henry Lawrence to Oude, the chief commissionership of which was nominally held by Outram, the latter cheerfully admitted the fitness of the arrangement and consented to accept an office (the political agency of Rajpootana) of inferior honour and responsibility, without a word of complaint. He was anxious, too, after the re-establishment of our power in Oude, warned by failing health, to resign his civil duties, as soon as a successor could be appointed; and when he became a member of the Supreme Government, seeing in the English papers some speculations with respect to his appointment either as Governor or Commander-in-chief of one of the presidencies of India, he wrote home to a friend in the India Office, beseeching him to discourage any such idea, if entertained, as, although the attainment of either of those offices had been the cherished ambition of a life, he could not say that in his broken state of health he could be thus employed with advantage to the State. Again, therefore, we say with Mark Antony that "ambition should be made of sterner stuff."

It is true that he greatly appreciated the honours which had been bestowed upon him by the Crown, but in this there was only becoming loyalty and devotion. There is a story told of him to the effect that when he went to Oxford to take his honorary doctor's degree, and appeared with all his decorations upon him, he met the First Minister of the Crown, who had gone to the University on a like errand and presented himself, pure and simple, without an order of any kind on his breast. In something of an apologetical strain, Outram—so runs the story—pointing to his own decorations, said he was afraid he had done wrong, as the Premier had not indued any of his orders for the occasion. But the answer came forth, prompt and happy, "Not at all, general. You have *won* your honours;



mine were only *given* to me." There was, indeed, rightly understood, in this assumption of all the external emblems of the honours he had won, not only proper respect for the University, but genuine modesty of the best kind. His decorations, indeed, were regarded by him as a sort of apology for his appearance there. They were, truly, the credentials which the Sovereign had given him; his passport to the new kingdom of learning which he was about to enter. He thought that it would have been presumption in him not to carry those tokens about him. He had not, like the veteran statesman, done his work under the very eyes of the University. Each took a right view of his position. In many respects very dissimilar, there were some points of resemblance between them; and the Minister, whose good English pluck, whose gallant resolution, no one ever doubted, must have honoured at least those fine qualities in his brother doctor. For if those lessons of self-reliance, of self-help, of self-devotion, which the great Minister has since, in fitting language, been teaching to the youthful manhood of the North, needed practical and personal illustrations drawn from the lives of men, the life of James Outram would have been one just to the purpose. Not so much because of his high post, as for the better reason of his genuine manliness, we should have rejoiced to see that veteran statesman standing beside the hero's grave. There were other Ministers of the Crown to witness Outram's obsequies; and that particular department of the State under which he had served went forth in a body to the Abbey from its neighbouring domicile—Secretary of State, Under-Secretaries of State, Members of Council, Secretaries of Departments, and others of less rank, but with like instincts of admiration for the great man, the history of whose deeds was scattered over the bulky records in their charge. But still it would have pleased us if he, who so fitly represents the manliness of the nation, had done honour at the last to such a genuine man as Outram, and thrown a wreath upon his bier.

But more noticeable even than great statesmen and high officers of Government, more noticeable by the living and more honouring to the dead, was a little group of soldiers, in the Highland uniform, who stood by the hero's grave, stirred to the very depths of their hearts by reverence and affection. They were a party of sergeants of the Seventy-eighth Regiment, who had solicited and obtained leave to come down from a distance, that they might pay, on behalf of their regiment, the last honours to one by whom it was their privilege to have been led to battle and to conquest. The Seventy-eighth Highlanders knew Outram well. There were some men still in the regiment who twenty years before had served in the dreary furnace of Scinde; but it was on the great battlefield of Oude that they had learnt to love and to honour a leader, who was ever as mindful of their interests as he was regardless of his own; who was as tender towards and as careful of his men as though they were his children; who never sacrificed a life except to the stern necessity of the fight. On the morning of the 25th of March, these gallant

fellows stood at the door of the mansion which held the remains of their beloved general, and earnestly sought to be allowed to carry the body to its last resting-place. Most reluctantly was the request refused;\* but they marched beside the hearse, and filed through the Abbey beside the coffin, and were beside it when it was lowered into the grave. And as they stood there, their thoughts went back to the Alumbagh, with tender memories and sorrowful regrets that such a chief was lost to them for ever. Not merely of the more stirring events of the memorable campaign thought they in that solemn hour; not merely of his forwardness in action, of the enthusiasm which sent him ever where danger was the thickest, and of the glories to which he had led them. They thought also of his kindness, of the love which he had shown them, of his unceasing efforts to administer to their comforts and to mitigate the rigours of war. They remembered the Much he had done, the More he had striven to do for them; how he had gone about from the camp at the Alumbagh into the surrounding villages, endeavouring to obtain milk and other little luxuries for his men; how anxiously he had watched the progress of the sick and the wounded, doing all that he could to lighten their sufferings, and grieving that he could do no more; and how, when the grim business of actual battle was slack, he had found healthy amusement for his followers, and instituted races and games and all kinds of "rural sports" in the camp, just as though it were a season of high holiday in the palmiest days of peace. Doubtless, there rose up before those noble fellows, their hearts swelling beneath their tartans, the image of their dear general, as he stood watching their amusements, the never-failing cheroot between his lips, a bland smile on his face, and a twinkle of delight in his eyes; and, as they sorrowed most of all that they should see that face no more, they threw their wreath upon his bier.

It was in "the largeness and the overflow" of his sympathies, in the "rich lovingkindness redundantly kind," which he felt for men of all races and all classes, that Outram differed from and excelled all his contemporaries, with the sole exception, perhaps, of Henry Lawrence. His compassion, indeed, was boundless:

He could afford to suffer  
With those whom he saw suffer.

It was this compassion, this faculty of seeing with other men's eyes, of thinking with other men's brains, and of feeling with other men's hearts—a faculty, the absence of which from our chief rulers brought us to our sorest straits in India—which made Outram so strenuous an opponent of injustice in all its forms. Thus it happened that he vehemently protested against the treatment to which the Ameers of Scinde had been subjected, and proved the strength and sincerity of his sympathies by

\* The extreme weight of the leaden coffin, and the distance to be traversed, rendered the arrangement impossible without risk of retarding the arrival of the funeral procession at the Abbey.

refusing to touch the share of the spoil which fell to him by "right of conquest." He said it had fallen to him by wrong of conquest, and he would have none of it. He was a poor man at the time, struggling with debt, and the money would have placed him financially in what are called "easy circumstances." But there is a burden more heavy to bear even than the burden of debt, the burden of an uneasy conscience. So he could not be persuaded to touch the "prize" that was offered to him. To its rightful possessors he could not restore it, so he gave it to be distributed to the poor and suffering of Bombay. We have told the story before, but we repeat it now; for the almoner of Outram's bounty stood on that 25th of March beside the just man's grave, and as he thought of what had passed some twenty years ago, and of the records which he still held of a stewardship so honourable to the dead, he also threw a wreath upon his bier.

There were people of all classes assembled in the Abbey—men and women—old and young—soldiers and civilians; and many were the feelings which had brought them thither, and many the thoughts with which their brains were stirred. But the space at our disposal is well-nigh exhausted; time presses; we are compelled to be brief. To one class, however, of spectators not yet named a few sentences must be given. Many fine young Westminster boys looked down upon that solemn ceremony, and were moved by teeming thoughts alike of the Past and the Future. Westminster sends forth many heroes to fight the battles of the nation; and a tall column in front of the school records how they can die for their country. One scarcely to be called a great statesman, though incomparably great as a debater, who not very long ago passed away from amongst us, used to argue against the removal of Westminster school to some healthier rural or suburban district, on the ground that its vicinity to the English Senate, and the privilege of admission to the debates which the boys enjoyed, acted as an advantageous stimulus to exertion; and he said that he had himself, in the first years of the century, ere Pitt and Fox had been borne to their graves, felt the first promptings of ambition as a Westminster boy under the roof of the House of Commons. May we not also plead that such a scene as that which the Abbey witnessed on the 25th of March, as it had before witnessed from time to time, and as from time to time it will witness again, in the burial of the mighty dead, the last great national honour paid to men who have made their lives lustrous for their country's good, may sow within many a young breast the seeds of a great and glorious desire to go and do likewise? May we not believe that such an example as that of James Outram may have already been taken to the heart of some of those fine free-spirited boys, who saw his coffin laid in the grave, and will reproduce itself in a developed heroism dating its conception from that day? A quaint, kindly-hearted humourist, who had himself, on a very unostentatious scene of action, given his life to the service of the Company, once said, as he looked upon a crowd of joyous schoolboys disporting themselves in

the playing-fields of Eton, "What a pity that these fine ingenuous youths should some day shrivel into frivolous Members of Parliament?" But no man would better have appreciated such a career as James Outram's. He would have rejoiced in the thought of their expanding into the dimensions of self-made heroes. In such a career as that upon which the curtain fell so solemnly and so sadly on the 25th of March, there was nothing to shrivel the intellect or to blight the noblest instincts of the soul. It is the glory of such men as Outram that they owe nothing to birth, nothing to connection, nothing to patronage, nothing to privilege, nothing to party; that they make their way to the front without finesse, without trickery, without deceit. There was not a Westminster lad in the Abbey on that day, who might not, if the same stuff were in him, do what Outram had done—rise as Outram had risen. He might be the son only of some humble member of the middle classes—for Outram was no more—and yet he might be buried in Westminster Abbey, with statesmen and warriors clustered round his grave. The lesson taught on that day was a lesson of self-reliance; of fortitude and perseverance to the end; of faith in the sufficiency of honesty and truth, and manly self-devotion, to accomplish the highest objects within the reach of humanity, and to earn an abiding place in the grateful heart of a mighty nation. There is no lesson which the youth of the country could cherish more advantageously than this; no such lesson to be learnt in the gallery of the House of Commons. And we may be sure that there was not a boy on that day in the old Abbey who will not be the better for the thought of what the brave true-hearted man then laid in the grave had done, and what he had earned without any other help than that of his own manhood; not a boy then present who will not fight the battle of life with more strenuous purpose, and with more abiding resolution, for having been permitted to throw a green wreath—a wreath of early hope and young fresh love and admiration—upon the bier of JAMES OUTRAM.

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## Chess.

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WE have all heard how Talleyrand predicted a miserable old age for the youth who neglected learning whist before the evil days had come. The *mot* is rather a good one—for France. It has that peculiar flavouring of wicked levity which enables a *mot* to go smoothly down a French throat. But it has nothing more. If he had said chess, there would have been something in it; and then he might have thrown in the rest of life as well. In epigrammatic tartness no doubt it would have lost considerably. But it would have come reasonably near the truth, and that ought to count for something.

In fact there is nothing in the way of amusement about which people throw into the sea such mines of pleasure as this same game of chess. It possesses all qualities that are good, and none at all that are bad. It even combines fascinations of opposite kinds, a quality entirely special to itself; for it is peaceful, and at the same time warlike; it is light, and yet profound; it is manly, and yet womanly; you can play it by daylight, and you can play it by lamplight; you can play it in the house, you can play it on the lawn, you can play it in a railway carriage, you can play it with board and men, and you can play it without either. It costs nothing, it is reputable, it is dignified, and it becomes all classes and all ages of life. And it has a wealth that no other game can even approach. Its changes, if not literally endless, are at any rate past counting. Their beauty is like Cleopatra's,—

Age cannot wither it, nor custom stale  
Its infinite variety.

Yet in these lands, strange to say, chess is not popular. There are tournaments which make plenty of noise, and matches between clubs, and single matches, and chess columns in weekly papers with square pictures and printed games. But the circle they concern is very narrow. To the "general reader" they are as dark as the mysteries of Eleusis. Speaking nationally, the state of chess is simply disgraceful. Britannia knows nothing about it, and cares less. The two things, indeed, are connected together as cause and effect; for if she knew more about it she would care more. In a certain sense, of course, it might be said that every one plays chess. In every gentleman's house you expect to find a board and men, just as you expect to find Macaulay's *History* in his library, or a sideboard in his dining-room. And every one in the house plays too. Paterfamilias plays, so do the young gentlemen, so do the young ladies—they all play something which they call chess. And chess no doubt it is, so far as this—that the board is a chess-board and the men are chess-men, and they move

them about on the squares. But as for the real game—what they play has about the same relation to it that the fighting at Donnybrook has to the fighting at Waterloo. You sit down to play with a young gentleman supposed to know Greek, or a young lady supposed to speak French and German, and having got in a pawn you ask for a second queen. "Two queens at once!" screams out a family chorus in horror and wonder, and with great difficulty you convince them that the demand is an equitable one, and no invention of your own at all. Some of these primary delusions, especially about queening and castling and stalemating, seem to be, like Cassio's hurt, "past all surgery." Mr. Staunton—to judge from his "answers to correspondents"—must have long since come to the conclusion that they are in some mysterious way connected with the laws of nature and likely to hold out till the renovation of all things.

We shall divide chess-players into two classes: firstly, those who have an idea what the game means; secondly, those who have no idea what it means. An objection may be put in at the beginning against this division as being rather arbitrary. It may be said that players can be found of every shade of force from Philidor down to nothing, varying by insensible degrees like day sinking into night. And statistically and legally the objector is right. But morally and educationally our division is right. For do we not do the same in other things? We divide men for example, socially, into men who are not gentlemen and men who are. And though a mind arithmetically disposed, (like the Zulu mind,) might put in disagreeably that every shade is to be seen from Lord Chesterfield down to Mr. Squeers, every one knows that practically the division is useful and good. We are justified, therefore, at common law in dividing chess-players into two classes only.

The player of the first class gives the feeling of resistance to an adversary, to any adversary. You may overpower him with superior force, you may run into him and tear him to pieces; but still he has given you play. He knows the lie of the ground, with its different pitfalls, quagmires, and fortresses. His troops are drawn out so that they *can* fight without standing in one another's way. He has an intelligible plan for the campaign, and holds the thread of it in his hand to the end. If it fails he knows where it fails. He knows where your sounding-line was thrown deeper than his, and where he was out-generalled by a combination more skilful than his own. He falls, if he falls, with his eyes open and his face to the foe; as Athenian falls before Spartan, or Spartan before Theban.

Now the player of the second class falls not as Greek before Greek, but as Persian before Greek. Brave he may be, naturally, but he does not know the ground, and his forces are unwieldy. They are always getting into one another's way, and tumbling over one another, and shooting in one another's mouth. A detachment trying to advance is stopped by a detachment trying to retire; while others lose their way, or get surrounded, or cut off at passes, or wedged into impassable defiles. Then the fight turns



to a massacre, and the killing becomes murder, till your hand becomes as weary as the hand of David's mighty man, and cleaves to the sword.

In any other game this would cure itself. The player who was made mince-meat of so, would know he had been made mince-meat of, and would improve. If Jones always gets out the first or second ball at cricket, and misses all the catches, he can scarcely help seeing the fact, and generally has his own measure correctly enough. But in chess events are seen as Hamlet saw his father's ghost, with the mind's eye. Here, therefore, Jones does not necessarily see them. He may think he is getting on prosperously almost to the very end, till the scissors are just opening to "shear his thread in twain." He keeps killing men, and discerns not that he is driving nails into his own coffin. That he finally loses he knows. What he does not know is, that he never had a chance. Therefore his knowledge can never grow; for does not Socrates tell us, that the first bud from the tree of knowledge must be the knowledge of ignorance?

People who play chess in this Brummagem style get no pleasure out of it at all, not even the bliss that proverbially goes with ignorance. They know nothing of the "stern joy" which the true chess-player feels as the tide of victory sways to and fro over a well-fought field. The haphazard scrimmage they play at soon grows monotonous and tiresome. No wonder chess should be unpopular.

Yet among these homespun warriors there is no lack of power. The raw material exists among them in abundance; material, too, as good as ever was polished bright in the *Régence* or *St. George's*. They are inglorious and mute only because knowledge has never unfolded to their eyes her chess-pages, rich with the spoils of time. Only that waste of power is a sad thing always, it would be amusing to watch the collision where genius is pitted against science over a chess-board. On this field genius is sure to get the worst of it. He struggles fiercely to escape the toils with all the arts of mother-wit. The adversary looks on calmly, grimly smiling in his sleeve the while; for well he knows that if the *fera* should break loose other snares and pitfalls are awaiting him. Science rather enjoys a wild-beast struggle like this, and sometimes lets the animal loose on purpose to torture him again, and see him plunge and tear. All this time science may be, originally, the less noble beast of the two. But the arms, the "appliances and means" she has provided, more than make up the difference.

Recreation though it be, chess must have a course of study, or something very like it. Rough chess diamonds are not to be cut into brilliants without some trouble, any more than other diamonds. But never was diamond seen that was better worth the cutting.

As a general rule the "curriculum" must be taken out in books. If you have a friend who knows all about it, and has the patience to teach you all about it, why then you are fortunate—that's all. And in London such friendship can always be had, and to any extent, provided you choose to pay for it. But London, like Corinth, is not allotted to every one;

and out of London the chances are you have *not* a friend who is anxious to consecrate his time to the suckling of your infant powers.

But books can always be had. Chess-books, it is true, do not look to be the liveliest of companions. But this is only at first. Besides, they have other good qualities to make it up. Their patience is inexhaustible. They never lose their temper. They never snub you for stupidity, and they leave you to go on at your own pace. These are good things always. In chess they are superlatively good.

Still book-chess is anything but a favourite. Candour compels us to confess that few people like it; and out of ten that try it nine throw it up—we grieve to say it—in disgust. The reason is, that out of ten people nine do not know how to use a book. Few people know the use of any book; still fewer of a book that teaches; and fewer still of a book that teaches chess. Deluded people begin at the beginning and read right on, making a sort of conscience of it. Whereas you must use the faculty of taking out just the thing you want and nothing more. Always turn over the leaves without apology or ceremony, till you find what you do want. Every book is full of chaff; but most of all a chess-book. For chaff, be it remembered and treasured, is not absolute, but relative. A thing good in itself is chaff to you if you happen not to want it. To some one else it may be wheat of the finest quality. But it will choke *you* all the same, unless you have created and fostered the kingly faculty of discerning it and blowing it out of your way. It is a grievous loss to literature that no record has come down of the author of that maxim—so dear to British mothers—"Begin at the beginning and read your book through." It is a deadly sorrow not to have his portrait to serve as a frontispiece for all future editions of the *Dunciad* till the end of the world. Of the two it would be about as safe a rule to begin at the end and go backwards, supposing we were forced to have any rule about it at all.\*

Now the British youth, with his chess-book, proceeds as follows:—Having first caught it, and found it probably the far-famed Handbook, he summons his energies for the first opening, taking it all as it comes. Faithfully he goes through it, and tries to keep the variations all in memory. As he gets on he feels perhaps Number v. getting mixed up a little with Number iii., and has to turn back to separate them. But at length he thinks he has it all; and now, completely armed, he burns to revenge his past defeats on Smith, who is unsuspecting, and ignorant of books. But, woe the while, that unlucky ignorance spoils everything. Smith plays a defence out of his own head; a defence not in the book at all, even among the bad ones. Poor Juvenis is disgusted. He knows

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\* In novel-reading the interest is greatly intensified by reading crab-wise. Begin in the third volume, or somewhere in the second, at a venture. If you like the people, you feel attracted to go back and catch up the missing links. And so you may; for in that case the book must be good, and you get additional mystery out of it for nothing. Otherwise you are saved the trouble; for in that case the book must be bad, and you have read just enough of it.

it must be rotten, but he doesn't know where. Deserted by his lore in the hour of need, he plays a mixed game, partly reminiscences of what he conned from the book, partly original moves forced on him by the pressure of necessity. As usual, the two plans upset one another, and the whole edifice comes down. After a few trials more he concludes the book must be useless, and consigns it to the shelf.

But the fault was in Juvenis himself. Instead of stepping in warily he plunged in head foremost. Therefore he was drowned.

In chess the memory must not be called in. It has nothing to do with the business, absolutely nothing. The working faculty is the understanding. You must study an opening to see what it means, to catch the genius of it. For in every opening there is a genius, or, to speak Platonically, an "idea" which animates it like a soul. Transformed through different variations it is still there; and the value of all the moves depends on their relation to it. Unless you have seized this idea you have done nothing. Once you have grasped it the working of it out becomes pleasant, even fascinating. The game begins to have a meaning, and the men feel as if they were alive. You try it out by yourself, experimenting on it in every possible way, and against every defence you can think of. The running down of your game, through all its doublings and twistings, soon becomes as exciting almost as a fox-hunt.

By this you learn, at the beginning, that important lesson, the value of a move—of one move. You have a mark in your eye—some defile to be passed or fortress seized—and the enemy is rushing to prevent you. Experimenting on it, you find at once how everything turns upon a question of "time." And, therefore, in a well-played game there is, strictly speaking, no "critical" move. Every move is the critical move. And this, we may observe by the way, gives one good test of the class a player belongs to. If you see him at some stage of his game having "nothing particular to do," and not much caring, just there, whose move it is, write him down at once an outsider. He knows nothing. He has never been in at the mysteries. He has never even crossed the threshold of Caïssa's temple.

In course of experimenting, you will stumble betimes on difficulties. A defence suggests itself that you can make nothing of, and you come to a dead lock. This is the place to call in the book, with its "long results of time." Look down the variations till you find how the nut was cracked by men with harder teeth, Philidor perhaps, or Deschapelles, or some king of modern days.

Reading in this style you soon grow familiar with the country, not by copying the map, but, with the map in hand, walking over the ground with your own feet, beating up all the bushes, and looking into all the holes. As for remembering, you have no need to trouble yourself; that takes care of itself. Once you have understood a position, fully thought it out and mastered it, it stays with you of its own accord, grappled to the memory with hooks of steel, and knit to it with cables of perdurable toughness.

Having any philosophy, you must have observed that memory never does, in anything, put out her strength, unless you leave her to herself. She works in the dark, as bees work, and has the greatest aversion to working for show, or working by task-work. The glue she cements with always distils spontaneously from the intellect, when the intellect is in action. And with that work the cement holds. But with anything else it turns to water. And very right it should. For why should one man be allowed to transfer to himself the work of another man's brains by wholesale, without even the ceremony of digesting it? But let it be minced up, and stewed down, and eaten, and digested, and then nature, as we may say, signs the deed of transfer, and allows you to keep it.

So far the play is only "analysis," experiments over the board, played by yourself *versus* your imagination. When from this you come to actual play, from confronting a phantom Smith to confronting Smith in the flesh, you must expect a difference. The corporeal enemy appears for awhile to avoid the steps of his representative, as perversely almost as if he was doing it on purpose, and turns up new things where you fondly believed you had seen all that was to be seen. But this does not throw you out. It only corrects your analysis and extends it. Theory of the right kind turns itself into practice with the greatest ease. Smith will soon feel the difference, and open his eyes in astonishment to find himself nowhere.

The chess faculty is not, as commonly thought, a single faculty. It is compounded of two ingredients, which, for want of better names, we may call Depth and Breadth. The union of these two, supposing them both in perfection, would constitute a perfect chess-player. But very seldom indeed are they combined in anything approaching perfection, although separately either may be had easily enough. They are seldom found even in equal proportions; and where they are, it is accidental. For not only have they no necessary connection, but, in the bent of mind from which they spring, they are almost antagonistic. The different proportioning of these ingredients in different players is the key to the difference in their "style." It is well for all learners to take note of these, and carefully too. For one or other of them may be signally weak by nature; and there let the owner keep guard, for there his weakness lies.

The two faculties differ as the mathematician differs from the man of the world. The mathematician reasons more patiently and more profoundly. But he reasons along a straight line, and sometimes forgets to take in *all* the facts when setting up his premisses. A mathematician, therefore, is not always a safe man of business. Nor is the player whose special faculty is depth a safe player, to venture money on. He throws his line fathoms deep below his adversary, and calculates out to the end a position of some ten or twenty moves. But meantime he overlooks something lying at the surface, at his very feet; overlooks it all the more from the earnestness with which he is searching in the depths. His adversary may be shallow, never sees, perhaps, to a depth of more than four or five moves. But then he sees all round him, looking before and

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behind and on both sides. And so, in the chapter of accidents, the "breadth" of his observation may compensate him for his want of depth. Games are sometimes lost in this way to inferior players in the most unexpected and ludicrous manner. And for this reason, among good players, a single game, no matter how severe, is never considered a fair test, or indeed any test at all. The number of games played must be sufficient to "eliminate chance." Accidents of the kind we have mentioned are very trying to the temper. But there is not the slightest use in getting angry or talking about them. The way is to laugh, and look out better the next time. It is, however, some consolation to know that such accidents do happen—very seldom indeed, but still they do happen—with the finest players in the world. Even the Morphy has been known more than once, while mining furlongs down into the depths, to collapse suddenly from missing something that was just touching his nose.

These faculties are taxed differently at different parts of the game. For the game itself changes its nature as it progresses, and each of its stages has a character of its own. The "openings" have a character very different from the "endings," so different indeed that a player may excel in one and fail in the other. And, again, both openings and endings are unlike the "middles."

The openings make a special demand on faith, to begin with. The initial moves have consequences so remote, and involve variations so complicated and countless, that we *must* use the work of other people—more or less. Certain avenues have been cleared, certain great lines of route which long experience has proved to be safe; and on these we must set out. Otherwise we might spend all our time experimenting to find them, and probably not find them in the end.

The endings do not make calls on faith in the same way. All about them you may see in the pure light of reason. In a certain sense the endings are the most important part of the game. For the checkmate ends the game, and the player who wins all the rest to lose that particular move will have very little to congratulate himself upon. Many games, however, have no endings, in the technical sense of the word. A defeat equivalent to a checkmate, or even the checkmate itself, may arrive in the middle of the game; that is to say, with the board full of men. An "ending" assumes that the main shock of battle has been indecisive. The dead men have been carried off, and the reserves—a few pawns, with perhaps a piece or two aside—are brought up for a second and final conflict. The problems that present themselves here are highly scientific. They are problems of depth, with little of the element of chance, and most of them are "beautiful exceedingly." They differ, as we have said, from the openings, inasmuch as you may reason them all out for yourself. That is to say, it is possible in the nature of things to reason them out for yourself, though it is by no means likely that you will succeed in doing it. And for this reason, we presume, they are never held to resemble private property in any way, and never, like the openings, receive the names of particular men or places,

The "middles" of games are very different from both. Here every man must fight for himself. Books and teachers can do nothing for you. The positions are too various to be predicted in detail, or even classified. You get a fair field and no favour, and the rest you must do for yourself. And, to our thinking, this is one of the greatest beauties of the game. Learning and discipline cannot carry *everything*. Unless you have some native pluck and muscle all foreign aid will go for nothing. Science gives you an immense advantage, and so it ought. But it does not reduce the thing to certainty. The savage with his club still gets a chance, and so he ought. And without the smallest doubt he will knock out your brains with it if you have nothing in them except what other people have put in.

Chess-players, like coals, burn best together. If you separate them, the fire dies out. It is a great thing to get some one to begin with you and "plough up the wars" together; better still if you can get up a chess "circle" wherever you may happen to rusticate; but wherever and whenever you meet a player stronger than yourself, be sure to play him at odds; and wherever and whenever you meet a player weaker than yourself, be sure to make him take odds—if you can. A marvellous and sad phase it is of human nature that people will persist in not accepting odds, and call it a disgrace. Disgrace indeed! as if the real disgrace was not in insisting you can do a thing you cannot do. Show me a man that refuses odds and I'll tell you what he is. In fact I can tell you without having him shown. Firstly he is a foolish man. Secondly he is a vain man. I can tell you also what he is *not*. He is not a chess-player, and, what is more, he is never likely to make one.

Taking odds is necessary to the very idea of chess. For is not the essence and the soul and the spirit of it that there should be a fight—*riza*? Now this we know, on the authority of Juvenal, there cannot be, if you do all the beating—*pulsas*, while I get it all—*vapulo tantum*. Smith fancies he can give you the knight; no insult surely in that. The question is, is it true? And the answer is, to try it. If he can, then you have a fight, a real fight, with its glorious uncertainty and delicious excitement. If he cannot, beat it out of him till he finds he has had enough of it.

The genius of chess, we have just laid down, is, to fight. And let not any member of the Peace Society imagine this to be a disadvantage. In fact herein is found the crowning excellence of chess, her principle, her moral, her mission. Let us explain.

Man is a fighting animal. The element of war is in his blood; and being there it must come forth and show itself—somewhere. There are exceptions; but they are miserable ones. When a man turns up in whom no fight can be detected, you may pronounce that he has nothing in him. Nature in framing his soul forgot the bones and muscle, and he can never come to anything worth mentioning. Try it upon nations. In ancient times there were the "blameless Æthiopians," who didn't fight with any one that we can remember. But give me a Roman or a Greek before two blameless Æthiopians; and give me an Englishman or a Frenchman



before two Hindoos or two Chinese. True, the faculty may be misapplied. As a fact we admit it generally *is* misapplied, more especially in Donnybrook. But this only proves the great necessity that exists for applying it right. We must keep it in work, or, as we know from Dr. Watts, it will be at mischief. To find the right work is the problem. We are in the same difficulty here as Michael Scott with his demon slave that couldn't stay idle. The wizard luckily, when just at the end of his wits, thought of setting the imp to twist ropes out of sea-sand, and no more complaints were heard about want of work. If we could only get out of it like that!

There is firstly war itself, real war with swords and cannon-balls. And this has the additional recommendation of an unlimited field for developing the heroic and romantic in fiery youth. But against it there are great drawbacks. To be knocked over with a cannon-ball is glorious and spirit-stirring to those who read about it in the newspapers; but the persons knocked over dislike it and so do their friends. To the Spartan mother it was the same thing whether her son carried back his shield, or *vice versa*. But the British mother feels differently, and prefers her son alive. On the whole, therefore, for every-day use, war is not eligible as a safety-valve.

There is also another and less fatal field, the Olympia of the British nation, well known to the learned under the mystic symbols "P. R.," where "diamonds" of various colours, "chickens," "spiders," "phenomena," and other equally remarkable beings, engage in a contest, of which the most important part appears to consist in the drawing and tapping of "ruby," "home-brewed," "claret," "Falernian," and other delicious liquors. The initiated, however, are aware that this pan-Britannic arena, much as it has contributed to improve and adorn the English language, has contributed quite as much to disfigure the English countenance. It must, therefore, also be pronounced ineligible.

We have now proved by an exhaustive argument of the most rigorous kind that there is no safety-valve for the spirit of war except in chess. This is the remedy provided by nature for that particular fever. It answers all the requirements. There is fighting enough to satisfy the most voracious appetite, and that too without any loss of "claret" or "Falernian." And there is here a field for fame not only national, but even cosmopolite, the only field ever discovered in which the arts of peace and war coincide, and arms and the toga may be worn harmoniously together; the only field on which you may aspire to read your history in a nation's eyes, or sway the rod of empire, without the unpleasant necessity of wading through slaughter or shutting the gates of mercy on mankind.

Here also we have, combined in one, the charm of unity and the charm of diversity. For is there not the unity of a single combat, one man against one man, and all depending on themselves? And yet it also presents the variety of a battle with armies, with the interest of combinations and generalship, the steady march of infantry, the fiery sweep of cavalry, the advance and retreat, and flank movement, and ambuscade, and surprise,

and rescue. In diverse species of battle even war itself is not so rich. There you are forced to go to different ages and countries to collect those imposing changes that are rung on the attitude of fight—the phalanx of Macedonia, the wedge of Leuctra, the crescent of Hannibal, and so on down to the pounding of artillery from a distance, or the picking off of men one by one in an American jungle. But with the mimic warriors of the chess-board you may see all these in effigy, and more besides, in course of a single evening. You can choose for yourself the style of fight you prefer, close game or open game; Sicilian, or Scotch, French, Muzio, All-gaier, Evans, Fianchetto, or any other of a dozen more; while each of these again, being representative of a class, breaks up into classes of its own, and each of these again into other classes of classes and variations of variations, multitudinous as the seas and changeful as the clouds of evening. The aspect of the game is always changing, changing even with a single move, shifting its hues like the neck of a bird if you shift it an inch. With so much wealth chess can never “repeat,” unless by a sort of miracle. The chances certainly are myriads of millions against it: and, passing over such things as fool’s mate or scholar’s mate, there has probably never once been a recurrence since the game was known.

It is a curious fact that ladies can never learn chess. But the reason is plain enough. It is an art of war, and nature intended them to shine in arts of peace. For this particular recreation, therefore, they are incapacitated by natural constitution. In common life instinct serves them instead of logic, and serves them exceedingly well, making, as Goldsmith expresses it,

Their conduct still right with their argument wrong.

But in chess the conduct depends altogether upon the argument, so that when the argument comes to grief the campaign must come to grief along with it.

On this point a remarkable conventional fiction is kept up between the sexes. It is allowed to be supposed that ladies *can* learn chess, and if they don’t the reason is conventionally assumed to be because they happen not to choose. They accept the fiction themselves for sober truth; and no wonder they should, having heard it so often. And no wonder either they should plume themselves a little upon it where they do happen to play, for undoubtedly as a general rule they happen also to win. Men in their secret conscience know the reason; but they don’t like to tell it. It would amount almost to social suicide to breathe it. Except under the seal of anonymous authorship indeed, it could not possibly be revealed. And now we have revealed it no earthly consideration should induce us to affix our name, or even initials, to this contribution. But the good of society requires the confession. For the fiction, as we are about to show, is continually breeding mischief, and the duties of authorship are inflexible.

Let it be admitted that to “green minds” the temptation to play chess with ladies is great, more especially with young ladies, most especially with one young lady in particular. And very pleasant it would be, no doubt, but for one circumstance, namely that young ladies happen to be ambitious

as well as young gentlemen. When they play they like to win. And if they win you must lose. And if you lose you lose more than the game. By every one in the assembly you are written down a muff, and, most of all, by the adversary who has achieved glory at your expense. *She* is sure to despise you. Perhaps she pities you also; but we know what feeling that kind of pity is not akin to. Suppose, however, you had roused up your valour and won instead? In that case you lose still more. The defeated lady is dissatisfied with the whole affair. She is dissatisfied specially with herself, and feels mortified and mean. And *perhaps* she likes you better for having given her the mortification. It may be true that

Maids are beat by battle won,  
And woo'd with shouts of victory.

But the victory in this case is supposed to be over some one else. A victory over themselves is quite another thing.

Youthful minds must, therefore, learn to look on chess of this kind as a luxury too costly and not to be thought of. When minded to prove their prowess, let them prove it on men; but let them leave the board at home when minded to sport with Amaryllis in the shade. Penelope's suitors knew their business too well to make a mistake about this. We find them all playing chess before the palace door in "sunny Ithaca," reclining on the hides of the oxen they had eaten, and mixing their wine in silver goblets. But we never hear of them inviting *her* to play.

Talking of Penelope reminds us of another glory of Chess, a dignity which no other game has or can now attain to. She has a history and a literature, and a pedigree, a right royal pedigree that traces back to the very twilight of antiquity. She alone is glorified with the memory of great names, and "fights fought long ago." And this is no slight thing. War itself owes half its dignity to this. Take away its associations and history, its Thermopylæ and Marathon, its Cannæ and its Agincourt, and you spoil it of all the fire of its romance. Chess also has her victories, only less renowned than war. She has her line of kings, and her long muster-roll of warriors whose "names were great in battle," her Sarratt and La Bourdonnais, Legalle and Deschapelles, Philidor the invincible, and Macdonnell of the hundred fights. Who has not heard of that princely pair the *Light and Lustre of Chess*, whose fame, like Bayard's and Sidney's, looms on us with dusky grandeur through mediæval mist? or that leviathan board on which men of flesh and blood walked about and were taken? or that wondrous wooden Turk, the left-handed warrior who wore his chess-board on his knee and his brains in his bowels, and conquered so many nations? But she has older memories still. We may pass over the stories about India and China as comparatively modern instances, and go farther back. She was known to Cæsar and Pompey, and Ovid married her to immortal hexameters. But her story is older still. It is woven up with the tale of Troy. She was known to Helen and Hecuba and Agamemnon king of men. It is highly probable she helped the swift-footed Achilles to pass

his time when he lay idle at the ships, although Homer does not expressly mention it. In those days it is true she was far from full-grown, and her youth gave as yet small promise of her glorious noon. Played with five pieces—or *pessi*—a side, the Evans and Muzio must have been very much confined. But her lineage is more ancient still. She is higher far descended than anything that counts from Rome or Greece. Before Athens had a name or Sparta a local habitation she was known in the land of pyramids and mummies, loved in primæval Memphis, and honoured in the hundred-gated Thebes, first-born of earthly cities. Find me a king with such another pedigree as *that*.

Yet misguided people are found, even in these days, to set up Whist against her as a rival. But there is no use attempting it. Whist cannot bear the comparison. On one or two points she may, perhaps, claim equality; on the rest she is nowhere. She has nothing like the inexhaustible resources of chess, or the chances she gives of escape by subtlety and desperate venture. She has nothing like her unmeasured depth, or the infinite variety of her combinations. She has nothing like her delicate shading off of scientific certainty into chance—for chance does enter as an element into chess, though it is not generally thought so. Then what are the “antecedents” of whist? Where is the history of her famous battles, her tournaments, her line of sovereigns or roll of warriors? Was she ever named in China, or sung by Homer, or honoured in sunny Ithaca, or painted in Egyptian tombs, or graved on eternal pyramids? We should be loth to make insinuations about character, especially having figured her, grammatically, as a lady. But her kith and kin, what can be said for *them*, and for her belongings generally? Does not her very name spontaneously call up visions of taverns, gas-light, swindling, suicide, vinegar-faced dowagers, and backbiting? Is there any grave or reverend senior who would choose to be seen in her company in daylight?

But Caïssa, as all men know, is a spirit of another sort. Like Octavia, she is of a “holy cold and still conversation.” Retirement and the mute silence are the things she loves; but she *can* come out in public, and not ashamed to be seen there neither; and kings are not ashamed to be seen by her side. If she does consume the midnight oil—as verily she does—yet her lamp is a sober lamp, a classic lamp, familiar with books, and busts, and library fires, and coffee; the sort of lamp men burn when waking to outwatch the Bear or sphere the spirit of Plato.

With chess, like other amusements, there is of course the danger of becoming engrossed and making it serious business, which is turning life upside down. Still, if we must have a weakness let it be an honourable one. Now for other games a weakness is childish, contemptible. But a weakness for chess is an amiable weakness—almost a virtue. For she is of games the Queen and Empress, and the rest are scarcely fit to tie her shoe.

## Domesick.

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Is it not yet morning? When will the long night wane?  
 Why do I wish for dawning? All my wishing is vain.  
 Well I know at daybreak my eyes will only meet  
 The hills so black and barren, the plain with its blinding heat.

I think my heart is burning, burning away in my breast;  
 My head throbs, sleeping and waking, and knows no calm nor rest.  
 The heat licks up my life-blood, it rages through every vein,  
 And swifter courses the fever through nerve and heart and brain.

Give me a drink, dear comrade—faugh! the water is thick!  
 Patience awhile with these fancies; soul and body are sick.  
 Ah! could I dip my forehead, and slake my thirst once more,  
 In the well so cool and mossy, beside my mother's door!

Oh, for one draught delicious of the breezes fresh and wild  
 That blow over English meadows when the swathes of hay are piled;  
 When the uplands lie in shadow and the noon-day heat is spent,  
 And the air is flushed at dewfall with luscious clover scent!

I dreamed of them all last night, Ned, I stood within the fold,  
 I saw the latticed windows, the palings mossed and old,  
 The windy elms that rustled above my bed at night,  
 The elms that brooded of winter all through the summer bright.

There's health in those breezy pastures, and joy by those gurgling rills,  
 That smile through the leafy summer in the arms of the folding hills;  
 While Chevin towers above them and looks o'er the distant plain,  
 Or flings off his dusky cloud-cap, to feed them with silver rain.

Yet I scorned my fathers' meadows, the life my fathers led,  
 Their humble cares and pleasures, the toil for daily bread.  
 And our honest, kindly neighbours, that had known me from a child,  
 I held them dull and stupid, by my erring mood beguiled.

For they sang of shipwrecked sailors and the lasting joys of home,  
 But I spurned their simple warnings, and longed anew to roam:  
 So I set my face to the westward, to the roaring of the main,  
 And left our pleasant pastures—would I were back again!

No letter, still no letter! and waiting is long and dreë;  
 They are grown cold and heedless: but why should they think of me?  
 I brought them care and sorrow, the stray sheep of the fold,  
 I sowed pale streaks of silver in my mother's hair of gold.

And yet they might have written, for my father loved me best,  
But the little days go swiftly, with work, and food, and rest;  
Soon is the brief day ended, soon is the morrow won,  
And we leave the good word unspoken, the kindly deed undone.

But is it I that should blame them? It is harvest time again,  
And my mother has work in plenty, for reapers are hungry men;  
And from morning until gloaming her footsteps, quick and light,  
Go in and out at the threshold, and never rest till night.

But when the day is ended, and the reapers homeward go,  
And she sits alone in the ingle while the fire-light flickers low,  
Then she blesses me with tears, Ned, who gave her bitter pain,  
And little sister Nelly prays, God send him home again.

They will write when harvest is ended, when nights are long and cool,  
And beside the blazing faggots they reckon the weeks to Yule,  
When the golden sheaves are garnered, and the busy time is sped;  
But when the harvest is ended I shall be lying dead.

I know where you will lay me, up on the sun-bleached height,  
Beside the rusty beacon, where jackals prowl at night.  
Oh, if I might rest me in the churchyard green and lone,  
Where the neighbours' little children would come and play on the stone!

You will go back to England before your youth is past,  
You will see the sheltered valley where their happy lot is cast:  
Then bless them all from me, Ned, and kiss my mother and Nell,  
And bid them think of me kindly, for, in truth, I loved them well.

And the pleasant English valleys, the lanes so green and cool,  
The mossy well and the gateway, the trees beside the pool—  
All the dear old places that I shall never see,  
Oh, greet them all and bless them a thousand times from me!

E. LETHERBROW.



## From Yeddo to London with the Japanese Ambassadors.

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ON the 21st of January, 1862, at ten minutes past five o'clock P.M., the Japanese Envoys, *Take no Ouchi Shimodzuké no Kami*, *Matsudaira Iwami no Kami*, *Kiogoku Noto no Kami*, and a suite of nineteen officers and fourteen servants, were received on board H.M.S. *Odin* (flying the broad pennant of Commodore the Lord John Hay, C.B.), quite ready, they said, to start for Europe.

Their Excellencies looked rather anxious and tired, and by no means at ease—for had they not just said good-by to all that was near and dear to them, and were they not in fear of the sea, sea-sickness, and other ills unknown? They had not been five minutes on board when the first lieutenant reported various supplies as still wanting, which they had been requested to bring along with them—a third of the *saké* (wine, or rather spirits), the whole of the rice, as well as ducks and chickens, were reported missing! Here was a pretty fix! The embassy was on board, but where were the provisions? Their Excellencies expressed themselves greatly astonished at their non-arrival, could assign no reason for the same, and as a last resource sent for the vice-governor or chief yaonin, and questioned him concerning the matter. The vice-governor was as much puzzled as his masters; there was no other alternative but to wait and pray that the ducks and chickens, rice and saké, would have a speedy voyage, and not detain us any longer, as the hour was getting late, and the distance from shore at least some four miles. We waited till it was six o'clock, and we waited till it was seven o'clock, and we might have waited till doomsday, but no stores had arrived, nor could we perceive any signs of their coming. Boats were consequently lowered, and sent to the jetty with instructions to take the things off if they were found there, but if not the yaonin who was directed to accompany the boats was to buy, borrow, or steal; and the officer in charge of the boats was ordered to be very careful he didn't lose sight of his Japanese friend. Of course, no provisions were found on the jetty, but owing to very vigorous exertions on the part of the yaonin, most of them were procured, and reached the *Odin* at some hour after midnight.

The following morning we left the Yeddo anchorage at half-past five o'clock, and proceeded to Yokohama, some fifteen miles below, for the purpose of taking in the homeward mail and receiving on board another Japanese interpreter, who had been instructed to be in readiness to come on board the moment the *Odin* arrived. A gun was fired to give notice of our approach when some six miles off, and another on our arrival in the

harbour, for the especial benefit of the consular constable whose duty it was to come off with the letter-bags and the said Japanese interpreter. The mail was taken on board in due time, and everybody was impatiently waiting for the interpreter, but no such distinguished personage was seen in any of the boats that were coming *Odin-wards*. A boat was then lowered, and a lieutenant sent to the *unjo-sho*, or custom-house, for the purpose of expediting his appearance on board; but by-and-by the interpreter was not to be found! A second attempt was more successful. We walked straight into the custom-house, followed by the officer and some of the boat's crew, and presently came upon our friend in close confabulation with another friend. He was at once pointed out to the naval officer as the gentleman we were in search of, and politely told that if he came along willingly and at once no violence would be used; but if otherwise, the boat's crew would be proud to carry him on their shoulders down to the beach! Not another word was necessary—a hasty farewell was said to his friend and away we started.

This sort of proceeding would be quite inexplicable in Europe, but the fact is, that no Japanese, whether high or low, has the remotest idea of the value of time. If an appointment is made with one of them, he thinks nothing of coming half an hour or an hour late, little dreaming that time can be of greater importance to you than to himself. There is nothing more trying to an Englishman than their want of punctuality. It is the case with all ranks. It had been arranged between Sir Rutherford Alcock (the British Envoy) and the Japanese Ministers that this mission was to start for Europe on the 1st of January. They didn't leave Japan till the 21st, or rather the morning of the 22nd, and even then bemoaned their hard fate in being hurried off so soon!

In Japan people travel in *norimons*, a species of palanquin, three miles an hour being considered very fair work; and when a Japanese gentleman travels on horseback, two grooms on each side hold the reins, and proceed at a stately pace, never indeed exceeding a walk. Railways, electric telegraphs, carriages, &c. they have certainly heard of, but can scarcely realize. As one of the envoys subsequently remarked in England, "when we were in Japan our eyes were very small; but since we have come to Europe they have been getting larger and larger, and now we are ready to see the *most* marvellous things with little surprise, and no incredulity."

Well, on getting the interpreter on board, we put out to sea, passing outside a Dutch man-of-war steamer from Nagasaki, bound for Yokohama, with the Dutch Consul-General on board. She looked as if she had encountered dirty weather; and we were not mistaken, for our troubles soon commenced. The sea, which had been delightfully smooth on our short passage from Yeddo to Yokohama, had by this time been gradually changing, first to a ripple, and then to a swell. We, however, sat down to dinner, pretending we felt quite well, and talked away as if we thought nothing of the change in the weather. Our host had been eyeing his

guests for some little time, and with a bland smile said he hoped we would make a good dinner, in order that we might feel comfortable during the gale of wind that was just about to commence. Five minutes afterwards the second and third envoys begged the privilege of retiring!

For the following six days we experienced very bad weather. The wind the whole time was in our teeth, and did endless damage in splitting our sails, and so forth. The sufferings of the Japanese during this time can be better imagined than described. The majority of them never for a moment quitted their cabins, groaning within there at their hard fate. A short respite was, however, at hand, for we found it necessary to put into Nagasaki for the purpose of re-coaling.

We anchored in the lovely harbour of Nagasaki at half-past eight o'clock on the morning of the 28th, and not by any means sorry to find ourselves in such placid waters. The charms of this beautiful harbour are indescribable, and for safety as a place of anchorage it is perhaps unrivalled anywhere. Immediately breakfast was over, the second and third envoys, Matsudaira Iwami no Kami and Kiogoku Noto no Kami, went on shore to stay with the governor. The first envoy, Také no Ouchi Shimodzuké no Kami, preferred remaining on board, thinking, probably, he might miss at the governor's table the substantial fare and generous wines he had by this time learned to like so well. He showed no awkwardness in handling his knife and fork, unlike his colleague Kiogoku Noto no Kami. The latter gentleman, however, had not had the advantage of the former's experience, who had been governor of Hakodadi for several years, and had been in the frequent habit of giving and receiving entertainments *à la fourchette*. He therefore found himself quite at home at the commodore's table; the only remark he was ever known to make respecting the fare being, that everything was "very good," and he enjoyed his claret and beer with as much zest as champagne. The other two certainly ate sparingly at first; but in course of time they got over their dislike to our dishes, although they never learned to like our wines, the third envoy especially, who could not be prevailed upon to do more than slightly sip his glass once or twice, by way of compliment. The second had previously acquired a taste for champagne, and now learned to drink port. As for the inferior members of the mission, is it not written in the book of Claridge how *they* ate and drank and made merry?

The chief envoy weathered the passage down very fairly: but he was an old sailor, and had often traversed the sea between Yeddo and Hakodadi, while governor of the latter port. The other two suffered severely; and on landing at Nagasaki certainly did not look to the same advantage as on the occasion of their coming on board at Yeddo.

The following day the chief envoy paid the governor—who was an old friend of his—a visit; and on returning, brought his Excellency off with him for the purpose of inspecting the *Odin*, and in order also, as some of us imagined, that he might partake of the good cheer on board.

On retiring to rest that evening, his Excellency Shimodzuké no Kami

fell out of his cot, and had the misfortune to considerably bruise his side; which, in addition to an attack of pleurisy, confined him to his cabin for some time afterwards.

At half-past six o'clock on the morning of the 30th we weighed anchor and proceeded out of Nagasaki harbour, steering for Hong Kong, and were fortunate enough to have a fair wind the whole way down. During the passage, the second and third envoys would appear occasionally for a short time on the upper deck, but their visits were few and far between.

We arrived at Hong Kong on the morning of the 4th of February. As we steamed in, the Japanese were busily engaged scanning and taking notes of this their first sight of a foreign shore—the fishing boats, the strangeness of their build, the sails, the costume of the boatmen, were all objects of wonder, and discussed and criticized with eager delight. The appearance of Hong Kong from the sea surprised them not a little—the total absence of anything like foliage appearing very singular to them, their own islands glorying in luxuriant verdure, and being generally covered with trees.

On arrival, we at once communicated with the governor, Sir Hercules Robinson, and arranged that they should land in the afternoon—and rooms were engaged for them at the Commercial Hotel. On landing, their Excellencies were received by a guard of honour, and saluted. They then got into the carriages provided for them and proceeded to their quarters. This was the first time they had ever been in such a conveyance, and their surprise at its comfort, and the speed with which they were driven along, was unbounded. The docility of the horses, too, and the apparent ease with which they were managed, particularly astonished them. The Japanese horses are all entire, and many of them are extremely vicious. And then wonder after wonder met their eyes as they were swiftly taken along. What a beautiful town; how magnificent the residences are, and built of stone\* too, and what a number of large windows they have, were frequently remarked, as with wonder and astonishment they saw so many strange things in such rapid succession. The width and evenness of the street, the lamp-posts, the number of strange people of many races walking about, the ladies riding those tall and fierce-looking horses, the chairs and coolies—altogether making up a scene so strange and novel that one was not unprepared to hear them exclaim on sitting down to dinner that evening, after gazing on the lively scene from the verandah, "Hong Kong certainly must be one of the finest places in the world!"

And then, after dinner, the second and third ambassadors must go out among that throng of Chinamen, and see with their own eyes what articles were exhibited for sale in the shops amidst such a blaze of light. "May we not go out?" they asked—"of course it will be *naiboon* (incog.)" There being no objection, away we went, the two great men

\* Japanese houses are nearly all built of wood, from the frequent shocks of earthquakes experienced.

walking in front, and closely followed by some dozen of the suite. We had not gone far when a gorgeous sight challenged their attention. How splendid! was the exclamation. What is this place? A *saké* house it would be called in your country—in Hong Kong it is known as a 'spirit-shop.' Might they enter? They were so curious to see the interior, and they would so like to see all those beautiful bottles ranged on the shelves, all so many kinds of wines, they supposed.

Yes, they might go in this time, but they must bear in mind that such establishments were not frequented by gentlemen, and that possibly they might be subjected to rudeness. The bar, however, was fortunately tolerably empty, only some half-a-dozen persons being present when we entered. The landlord, an American, came forward and welcomed them to his establishment; said he took this visit as a great honour, at the same time introducing them to his audience as the Japanese ambassadors, whose acquaintance he had had the pleasure of making some time before in America! He then shook hands with the envoys in the heartiest manner, to their no little astonishment, which was, moreover, further increased on being informed that this cordial reception was due to their previous acquaintance with the worthy landlord, who said he felt happy and proud in renewing the same! "But there surely must be some mistake," said their Excellencies; "we never saw him before." "Well, he declares he met you in New York, and drank your health in champagne at your hotel." "Ah! now we understand; it was not us he saw in America, for this is the first time we have ever been abroad—but the members of the Japanese mission that went there, who were quite different persons from us." The landlord, however, said he could swear to their faces, and that it was all stuff denying it.

At this stage of the proceedings we took our leave, and were fortunate in escaping without a drink being offered, the extent of the retinue having evidently operated unfavourably on any first intention mine host might have entertained to that effect; although it is by no means clear any such ever existed. Anyhow, he plainly saw we had no intention of "liquoring" on our own account. We passed another establishment of a similar kind, but this time our friends were satisfied with a look from the outside. And so we passed along the street, examining the different Chinese shops, returning to our hotel after an hour's absence, and all parties expressing themselves as highly delighted with the excursion, which they begged leave to renew on the morrow. The following day their Excellencies paid Sir Hercules Robinson an official visit, and expressed their acknowledgments for the attentions showed to them on the preceding day. Government House impressed them considerably; the large and lofty suite of rooms, the decorations and furniture, were much remarked and observed. The Japanese as a race have a keen eye for the picturesque, and the magnificent view, from the balconies, of the harbour and surrounding coast, afforded them an unmistakable treat. On taking leave, the envoys received an invitation to dinner for the following evening,

which was accepted. The chief envoy, however, found himself unable to keep his promise, in consequence of the fit of pleurisy having become worse. He, therefore, returned on board again, but his two colleagues went, and, after it was all over, said they had enjoyed themselves very much, although, confidentially, we understood their Excellencies to say they felt terribly bored by it all! This was the first time they had dined out, and were consequently quite unprepared for the brilliant way in which the house was lighted up. The Japanese mode strikes a foreigner used to gas, oil, and wax candles, as being extremely ill and primitive, as in fact it is. They use for lighting their houses paper lanterns enclosing oil tapers, and a very inferior kind of candle stuck on a high stand, which at best gives but a dim light, and requires constant snuffing. The brilliant appearance, then, of Government House, was to them exceedingly striking; the one remarking to the other—"How very different this is to a Japanese house; although it is night, there is here the light of day." Soon afterwards the envoys were invited by Lady Robinson to a grand ball at Government House. This was their first appearance in a ball-room, and as a matter of course, all the beauty of Hong Kong was there; and if the fair ladies present wondered at the strange visitors, the said visitors were not less astonished at the appearance of their fair friends. "How very singular! actually not two ladies present who appear to be dressed alike. How strange!—some are in black, some in white, and indeed they are in all colours, and some have their hair dressed one way, and some another"—a diversity of style, it may be remarked, quite unknown in Japan. "What is the rule in your country in regard to dress?" "In England, as in the rest of the civilized world, ladies and gentlemen dress as they like; the ladies choosing those colours that suit their complexions best." "*Narahoddo!* (Wonderful)" was the only response. And the dancing—how their surprise increased at that! On being asked what they thought of it, they said they had "no words at command sufficiently to express their wonder"—the "roundabout" dance in particular (the waltz). They would then look at each other, and laugh heartily, being probably tickled at the strangeness of the custom that permitted men to dance with other people's wives! "How difficult English dancing must be to learn." As for the "roundabout" dance, they supposed it was almost impossible to acquire any proficiency in it, unless one began at a very early age; and as they looked on with a puzzled air, and the head bent to one side, they doubtless found the comparison in favour of their own country, where, if they wish to be amused, they send for dancing girls, who exhibit before the company; the members of which are seated on their heels, or reclining on mats, drinking tea out of the smallest of cups, and smoking the mildest of tobacco in the tiniest of pipes. Anyhow, they save themselves the violent exercise, which they think must be very fatiguing. The idea of a high official like a governor, too, twirling, sliding, and jumping about in that manner, was to them simply ludicrous, and they evidently



wondered how he managed to preserve his dignity, after making such an exhibition of himself. *Narahoddo! Narahoddo!* Nevertheless, they admired the ladies extremely, and criticized their good points in the most unrestrained manner, until it had been hinted to them that it was not considered good manners in England to handle a lady's dress, point at her jewellery, or say that she was very large and very fat.

Before leaving, their Excellencies were taken into the refreshment-room and an ice-cream offered to each of them. The effects of a moderate-sized spoonful appeared at first sight rather alarming; although it was impossible being highly amused. There was a sudden collapse, in conjunction with an agonized expression of countenance, the hand being placed to the mouth, and the eyes all the time blinking rapidly. On recovering from their new surprise, they laughed outright, exclaiming one to the other—"Narahoddo! We are eating snow!"

While at Hong Kong they never tired of asking questions about everything—the mode of government—the municipal regulations—if the resident Chinese were under our laws—at what date we became possessed of the island? &c. &c.

They may be said to have thoroughly "done" Hong Kong, for they saw most things worthy of inspection there. They drove in all directions; walked through the European quarter as well as the Chinese quarter; saw the barracks, military hospital, batteries (such as they are), ordnance department, cathedral, bank, &c. They also visited the principal stores and shops, and witnessed the doings at an auction sale. As a fitting finale to their sight-seeing, the governor arranged that there should be a review, which came off the day before they left, on the parade-ground. This was the first time their Excellencies had seen European soldiers in any number, massed together; and, as the several regiments marched past, preceded by their bands, they involuntarily exclaimed one to the other, "How perfect!—the regiment moves like one man; and what tall strong men they seem to be!"

An Indian native regiment marched past, and great was the astonishment of their Excellencies at seeing how proficient they were in their movements. "Why, these black soldiers," they observed, "are just like British troops; they appear to do everything with the same precision." "Oh, yes, those men make excellent soldiers, but you must know that they are drilled by Englishmen, and, as you perceive, are commanded by English officers." "Ah! that explains everything," they said.

We left Victoria on the morning of February 10th, somewhat to the regret, it was surmised, of our Japanese friends. And it was not to be surprised at, for they were leaving a place where they had been treated remarkably well, to be launched once more on the "treacherous element," and an element, too, which punished them without mercy!

By the way, before leaving Hong Kong, the envoys begged to suggest that a good supply of "ice-creams" might be brought on board, for "the ices would prove so refreshing now the weather was so hot."

We reached Singapore on the 17th February, and in the absence of the governor at Malacca, Colonel Macpherson, chief councillor, suitably received the illustrious Kamis and suite. The usual guard of honour was present to receive them on landing, and a salute was fired. A suite of rooms for their accommodation had been engaged at the "Hôtel de l'Espérance." Soon after landing the notabilities of the district were presented to their Excellencies. In the evening the party went out to listen to the band on the Esplanade, and to see the beauty and fashion of Singapore, as they appeared driving, riding, and promenading. We returned at an early hour, however, as the band had evidently failed to captivate or to interest them; even the ladies excited but a momentary interest, for homeward was the word; and it was with real enjoyment and inexpressible relief that once more the Kamis three divested themselves of their long swords, handing the same to their several domestics, who with bended knee and reverent mien received the precious weapons, not with the naked hand, but in folds of crape or downy silk. And then having comfortably arranged themselves, with legs tucked underneath, they would repose on the sofas, and while blowing their little clouds of tobacco would expatiate on the wonders of the day. A servant would now approach with a tiny teapot and three cups in keeping, place the same on the table, and, with a low obeisance, retire; and thus they would pass the time till dinner was announced.

Their room commanded a fine view of the harbour with its numerous shipping, and many were their inquiries relative to the trade of the port, whether there was a custom-house, what were the pilotage charges, whence did the principal shipping come, their general cargoes? &c. &c. The second envoy, Matsudaira Iwami no Kami, generally took the lead in these inquiries. He had been governor of Yokohama till his appointment to this mission; and, said he, "after learning what is done in foreign countries, and seeing how these things are managed, I shall be able on my return to Japan to correct that which needs improvement, and to frame different custom-house regulations, if such shall be found necessary." And then the obstructions foreign trade had to contend against in Japan were discussed. An endeavour was made to show that their true interest was to foster and not to resist foreign trade; that they would find a policy of isolation very difficult to carry out now that they had entered into the family of nations by making treaties with the Powers of the West. "Ah!" they exclaimed, "that is the unfortunate part of it. Japan was not at the time prepared for such extended foreign intercourse." "Why, then, did you make any treaties at all?" was asked. "Oh!" they replied, "we wish bygones to be bygones,"—as if the subject was a very painful one. "Those Japanese who at first framed the treaties with foreigners were very bad men indeed. It was a lamentable mistake, and is looked upon as a great calamity throughout the country; for," continued Matsudaira, "there are many powerful daimios in Japan who are much opposed to the introduction of foreigners and foreign trade into the country. That

naturally is a source of great concern and uneasiness to the government, and they fear that possibly disturbances may take place between those daimios' people and foreigners. If such unfortunately were to happen, misunderstandings would probably arise between Japan and foreign Powers; all which," continued he, "would be much to be deplored. We are therefore charged to urge upon the British Government and the other treaty Powers, the advisability of postponing the opening of Yeddo, Osaka, and Hiogo for a few more years, as public opinion has unmistakably expressed itself against those ports being yet opened for trade." Nagasaki, in fact, was the only safe place till foreigners became better known—and if foreign representatives at the capital would but see the gravity of the question as they (the Japanese envoys) saw it, they would retire from Yeddo to Nagasaki, as also the merchants from Yokohama; for the feeling throughout the country against the foreigners was very strong. "The dollar would then pass current for three itzeboos, every accommodation would be given for building houses and godowns—a magnificent custom-house would be erected—and business conducted in accordance with European method. Grand hotels would spring up, and there would be nothing but prosperity, for trade would flourish in peaceful security, the neighbouring daimios being friendly to foreigners, so unlike those in the vicinity of Yokohama. And then," concluded he with enthusiasm, "Matsudaira Iwami no Kami would greatly rejoice, for he would go to Nagasaki as governor, and profit by his European experience to increase trade and advance the interests of the port." Here was an astonishing speech. And so our three years' intercourse with them had not succeeded in opening their eyes to the value of our trade, although one would have thought their custom-house receipts had now become of consequence to their government!

We left Singapore at noon on the 18th February, and had a very pleasant passage down, sighting Ceylon on the morning of the 25th, when we entered the harbour of Trincomalee a short time afterwards. We only waited here an hour or two, and then proceeded on to Galle. Mr. Forbes, the Government agent for the Southern Provinces, received us, and there was a guard of honour and the usual salute. While at Galle, a deputation of Native chiefs, amongst other notabilities, called upon the envoys. Their stay here was very short—only two days—but yet long enough to see all that was worthy of inspection.

From Galle we pushed on for Suez with all possible despatch; touching at Aden for coaling purposes. The few hours we were at Aden were made the most of, for the envoys were driven into the town in company with Mr. Playfair, the Government agent, who showed them the magnificent water-tanks. They then drove round a good portion of the Turkish wall, and returned on board as the *Odin* had finished coaling. We left immediately for Suez, and arrived there after an uninteresting passage on the 20th of March. The passage up the Red Sea was not too dreadful, for although it was warm throughout the day, the evenings were deliciously cool. We took one hundred tons of coal on our upper deck

from Aden, and experienced the misery of being on board a vessel whose upper deck was almost entirely set apart for the stowage of coal. We felt quite refreshed when the stowage was accomplished, and were only beginning to appreciate the change when we found ourselves approaching our journey's end, as far as travelling in the *Odin* was concerned. After taking an affectionate farewell of the commodore and officers, their Excellencies and suite went ashore, luncheoned at the Peninsular and Oriental Hotel, which, by the way, is one of the finest in the East, and then proceeded to Cairo by special train, and in the Pasha's own carriages. This was a novelty indeed for our Japanese friends—journeying by rail! How strange and almost out of place their swarthy Excellencies and suite looked in those luxurious and gorgeous carriages! Their attire was certainly never devised for such a mode of travelling, as they remarked one to the other. In the first place the long swords were sadly in the way and had to be laid aside—then they could not comfortably lean back and be at their ease, with those large round hats on; so the hats had to come off and take place with the swords. By-and-by their jackets were laid aside, for how could they put their arms through those loops, their sleeves (pockets) being stuffed with paper pocket-handkerchiefs, notes of travel, and Japanese lollipops, &c.?

But in spite of all they were not comfortable, though they assured us they indeed felt so. They would get up, sit down again, wriggle about for awhile, till (happy thought!) Envoy No. 2 suddenly took his shoes or sandals off, mounted the seat, surveyed the rest of the party and the landscape complacently for a moment, then with a merry twinkle in his eye, knelt down on the cushions, crossed his legs, and adroitly tucked them away. His colleagues were not slow in following his example. Their tiny pipes were produced—a sure indication that the *otium cum dignitate* had at last been realized, and they smoked away, with slight intervals, till our arrival at Cairo. The Egyptian railway inspector, who accompanied us, also produced cigars, and the enjoyment became universal. To be sure, they were his Highness's own carriages we were in; but does not his Highness himself smoke when travelling? On approaching Cairo, their Japanese Excellencies carefully collected the ash together from off the little round table in the centre of the carriage, made a snug little packet thereof in Japanese paper, and threw it from the window, to the astonishment of our Egyptian companion, whose pre-conceived notions of the exalted position of the illustrious strangers apparently underwent some little change from this moment.

On arrival at Cairo carriages were awaiting at the railway station to take our party to the Missaferhana, or guest-house, which had been set apart for our reception; the other chief residences, as our Egyptian inspector apologetically remarked, being occupied by the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Coburg, who were in Cairo at the same time. During our stay we visited the chief objects of interest in the city, and made a trip to the Pyramids on donkeys.

Their Excellencies would have very complacently foregone the pleasure of the excursion, all the more as it was to be on donkey-back—an animal they had as yet never bestridden, and caught a glimpse of but on one solitary occasion before, viz. at Aden, when their attention was attracted not only by its singular appearance, but by the assiduous manner in which the stick was applied to the poor animal by the driver, and the wonderful patience or nonchalance the said donkey exhibited on receipt thereof. However, it was insisted upon that the Pyramids should be visited, and camels were suggested, if their Excellencies objected to donkeys; but the latter, although anything but a desirable beast of burden, was by far preferable to the camel—an animal that looked capable of any eccentricity.

We accordingly started at an early hour one morning, so as to be back in time, if possible, to escape the noonday sun. We drove as far as the place from whence the Nile had to be crossed; and here a scene took place such as can only be witnessed in Egypt. Our appearance was hailed with a loud shout, every boatman within reach making for the same point. And now commenced the tug of war. Of course there was a violent concussion, and such a storm of abuse arose as never before greeted Japanese ears polite. The owners of the boats sprang on shore, and vociferously urged the merits of their respective crafts, heightening the interest of the comedy by lively encounters among themselves. Our protector, the Egyptian railway inspector, was all the time abusing and cudgelling the mob, but with small result, till we took advantage of an opening in the crowd, and sprang into the nearest boat. One would have thought this would have ended the wrangling; on the contrary, we were escorted by two boats three parts of the way across, their occupants keeping up a slanging match with our boatmen, and vowing vengeance on their return! "*Warni sendo, makotoni warni noshto* (Bad boatmen, really bad men)," said their Excellencies, gravely, on taking their seats.

On gaining the opposite side, we found donkeys awaiting us. It was with fear and trembling, we could perceive, that the process of mounting was attempted and at last successfully accomplished. The customary beating was then administered to the several donkeys, to get them into a trot; and ludicrous in the extreme our cavalcade looked; envoys and high officers holding on like grim death, and earnestly entreating their donkey-boys to moderate the pace. The drivers, however, interpreting those eloquent appeals into expressions of high approval, grinned, cried *yah, yah!* and administered increased doses of the stick accordingly. Fortunately, however, there is a limit even to an Egyptian donkey's patience; and he has a way of unmistakably showing the same when he considers himself driven too fast, or objects to the length of the journey. Should the luckless rider despise his beast, and ride with a loose rein, a terrible shock awaits him: the donkey has been eyeing him askance the whole time, and at the moment when his spirits are at the highest and his grip the loosest, down goes the donkey on his knees, and over goes

the rider. This feat accomplished, the donkey gets on his legs again, and calmly awaits your return, hoping probably that you may re-seat yourself with the determination to be more considerate for the future. This sad experience awaited the Japanese party. The donkeys failed to distinguish their illustrious riders from ordinary mortals, and treated them as is their wont, viz. by spilling them. Their Excellencies, on rising from the plain, stipulated that the remainder of the journey should be done at a more dignified pace, namely, that of a walk.

We reached the Pyramids in course of time. It was blowing freshly, and clouds of dust and fine sand went scouring past. The poor Japanese were at once nearly blinded and parched with thirst. "What are these structures?" they inquired. "Burial-places of the ancient kings of Egypt," was the reply, "built nearly 4,000 years ago." "Burial-places! *Narahoddo! narahoddo!*" with much wonder; for being a people so fond of the beautiful, they could not conceive why their Egyptian majesties had selected so dreary a site. And then, as the vastness of the stones gained upon their senses, they naturally inquired how the Egyptian workmen succeeded in hoisting such enormous weights to such an altitude. That was as much a mystery to us as to themselves.

A cruise into the interior was now suggested, as a compensation for not going to the top, our dragoman declaring it dangerous to make the attempt, as it was blowing so hard. He thereupon led the way, and on reaching the entrance to the pyramid we looked round for our companions. They were nowhere to be seen! We waited patiently for some time, but no signs of the party were visible. At last, an interpreter succeeded in scrambling up, and said the ambassadors were anxiously waiting below, almost dead with thirst, for our return. Seeing our friends did not appreciate the Pyramids, we were reluctantly compelled to return, when they were found in niches of the walls, cursing their folly, as was supposed, for ever having undertaken so killing a journey. Fortunately, an orange-vendor was discovered in the vicinity, and, to the immense relief of Japanese throats, speedily looted. Retreat was immediately decided on, and in due course Cairo was reached, where the envoys found comfort in the reflection that they had done the Pyramids once and for all!

Our party did not like Egypt, and could not reconcile themselves to a residence in it. The nuisance of flies and dust overpowered the little pleasure experienced in visiting pyramids and inspecting mosques and palaces; and it was with little regret they left Cairo for Europe. There was a special train to take the party to Alexandria, where we embarked on board H.M.S. *Himalaya*, and left next morning for Malta. Before leaving, however, a letter of thanks was addressed to the Pasha (who was up the Nile in his yacht) for the hospitality the envoys had received.

We arrived at Malta after a rough passage of three days, the majority of the Japanese succumbing once more to that cruellest of sufferings, *mal de mer!* The *Himalaya* pitched and rolled fearfully in comparison to the old *Odin*; but the envoys were astounded at the size and speed of



the vessel, and evidently appreciated the honour of having such a ship sent for their conveyance. Malta, with its immense fortifications, excited their interest beyond measure. They inquired if we had built all the forts; the Power from whom the place was taken; the number of guns in position; the strength of the garrison. All this time the artists of the mission were busily engaged sketching the approach to the harbour, with its guardian forts—the envoys themselves seeing that the most striking points were marked down.

The governor, Sir Gaspard le Marchant, had a levée at the palace in honour of the occasion. After the reception was over, their Excellencies were shown through the principal rooms, including the celebrated gallery of knights in ancient armour. The following day Admiral Sir William Martin invited them on board H.M.S. *Amphion*, to see the men at quarters; and very much they were struck at the smartness with which the various evolutions were performed. That evening they attended the opera, having accepted seats in Lady le Marchant's box. They were considerably amused with the notion of a "*singing theatre*."

When Lady le Marchant's invitation was first presented to them, they hardly knew what to think of it.

"An invitation to go to the theatre!—very strange!—are you quite sure she means the *theatre*?"

"Yes, certainly; there is not the least doubt about it; only she didn't say 'theatre,' but 'opera,' another kind of theatre, the difference being that at the opera there is music and singing as well as acting."

But their Excellencies were still perplexed; people of their rank in Japan never go to theatres; if they wish to be played to, they have private performances at home.

"But who will be there?" they inquired.

"The governor, Lady le Marchant, officers of the garrison, and principal inhabitants of Malta," was the reply.

An incredulous look was exchanged at this announcement. The presence of a governor and high officers at an opera or theatre in company with the common people was, in their eyes, a monstrous thing. Still how was it possible to refuse if the Queen's representative, and the chief personages in Malta, would be there? This was a dilemma; but they were reminded that theatres in Japan were very different places to theatres in Europe; and that if they wished to study the "manners and customs" of Europe, their Excellencies would do well to fall in with them.

The argument proved conclusive; and accordingly the governor's box was graced that evening by the presence of the illustrious Kamis three. There was a full house that evening, of course. "And how the people quiz us!" exclaimed the Japanese; "every one is looking at us." Their Excellencies were advised to requite "every one's" observation; a hint they took advantage of. Lady le Marchant had lent them opera-glasses, and they used them liberally. They enjoyed the scene very much, and professed to like the music; but after returning home

they admitted that they thought the singing very peculiar, and that the prima-donna "made faces." "What a large mouth she had, too!"

The following day we had a field-day, as also a review of all the available troops in garrison. There were about 6,000 men on the ground altogether. The Japanese were delighted with this part of the day's programme, and afterwards drove off for the purpose of inspecting as many of the batteries as time would allow of.

The mission left Malta on the 31st of March, after a most agreeable stay of four days. The envoys had expressed a wish to see the admiral's flag-ship, the *Marlborough*, if possible, and Sir W. Martin kindly sent instructions to her to be ready to receive their Excellencies as the *Himalaya* was passing out. The *Marlborough*, during our stay in Malta, had been outside, exercising her men with the big guns, &c. On the morning of our departure she had come close in. The *Himalaya* then hove-to, when their Excellencies went on board. They made a stay of some three-quarters of an hour, and made a close inspection of the vessel. Her great height, number of guns, and large crew, made an evident impression on her visitors. The yards were manned, and a salute fired, the chief envoy acknowledging the same by standing up and repeatedly bowing his thanks. We then pursued our way to Marseilles, and arrived there on April 3rd, after a passage of two and a half days.

The mission arrived in Paris on the 7th, and remained in France till the 29th, when they embarked at Calais for Dover, *en route* for London; it having previously been arranged with their Excellencies that the mission should arrive in London in time to be represented at the opening of the International Exhibition on the 1st of May. On the morning of the 29th of April the embassy arrived at Dover, and were received by Mr. John Macdonald, of her Majesty's Legation in Japan, who had taken charge of the mission from Yeddo to Marseilles, and now resumed his charge again till their departure from England. At Dover there was an address from the mayor and corporation, of course. The envoys and suite then retired, and luncheon was served. A special train conveyed the party to London, where it was soon comfortably located at Claridge's Hotel, in Brook Street, very thankful they had reached their destination at last, for their poor heads were still giddy from the effects of the passage, the address, the speeches, and the presentations.

On the following day a despatch was written to Earl Russell announcing their arrival, and asking for an official interview. The rest of the day was devoted to settling down and unpacking the several boxes as soon as found—a task, by the way, that was by no means easy of accomplishment, considering that the *personnel* of the embassy numbered thirty-eight persons, with at least three hundred boxes and cases! What they all contained remains to this day a mystery; but that the said boxes were full and heavy are undoubted facts, as many living witnesses can feelingly testify. Princes or great officers in Japan are followed, when travelling or paying visits, by troops of retainers, carrying lacquered

boxes attached to long poles on their shoulders. These boxes are supposed to contain changes of raiment in case the great man should be caught in a shower of rain; or perhaps he may be on his way to pay an official visit, when, of course, a change of shoes is requisite. But whether change of shoes or vestments be necessary or not, the boxes must form part of his procession, or otherwise, in the eyes of a Japanese, the *cortège* would probably be rated as that of a small "yaconin" without lineage or position. If the envoys to Europe, then, wished to impress foreigners with a due notion of their high rank by parade of retinue and baggage, the few facilities for such displays must have grievously perplexed and disappointed their Excellencies. On arrival in London, instead of mounting finely appointed chargers, and being led along the centre of the street by two grooms at a stately pace, or entering their lacquered "norimons" with armed retainers in front, carrying long lances or spears with covered tops, indicative of high rank, and followed by similar retainers as a rear-guard, led horses fully caparisoned, and the usual followers carrying lacquered baskets and boxes, their Excellencies found themselves obliged to enter a simple carriage and pair, without ceremony and without escort. The four chief officers next in point of rank followed as closely as cabs, omnibuses, and waggons would permit, while the inferior members of the embassy had to submit to ordinary street "four-wheelers" as a means of reaching their destination. The absence of all ceremony on this their first arrival in England was remarked; and of course they were told that it is not customary with us to give cavalry escorts or court carriages to any but royal personages.

It was supposed that most of the cases and boxes which were brought with us contained articles of clothing, numerous and varied enough for purposes of wear while travelling in the different countries the envoys were about to visit, especially as it was said that large investments in wearing apparel had been made before leaving Japan; the Yeddo tailors having been kept at work for many months getting the wardrobes ready. It was doubtless argued that the members of the mission, in their transit to Europe and back, would experience so many changes of temperature, that fabrics of every texture would certainly be required for use. The foreign stores in Yokohama had been ransacked in search of thick flannels, thick stockings, and thick boots and shoes, as some protection against the eternal snows supposed to envelop St. Petersburg.

The heads of the mission had been informed that such purchases could be better and cheaper made in Europe, but probably they thought it wiser to invest in Japan than trust to unknown European shopkeepers. But, singular to say, on no part of the voyage, or during the stay in England, were more than a dozen or so of these boxes ever seen to be opened, and yet their cabins on the passage to Europe, and the rooms they occupied here, were crowded with them! The already large supply of boxes was augmented in consequence of a fear which troubled the envoys that they would assuredly come to grief if a quantity of rice large

enough to make them independent of foreign markets, and last till their return to their beloved Japan, were not shipped. Their Excellencies had been told over and over again that they would need only a supply sufficient to last till their arrival at Hong Kong—a week's sail merely—but, nevertheless, on going on board the *Odin* at Yeddo we found two hundred large cases; and more had been snugly stowed away as part of their personal baggage. Moreover, sundry tubs of oil of no mean dimensions, boxes full of Japanese candles, kegs of soy, and such like articles, encumbered the deck; and the party not professing total abstinence principles, had of course included among the stores a goodly stock of saké, while as for pots of one kind of delicacy and hampers of others, there was literally no end of them. On reaching Hong Kong the change in temperature caused the oil-tubs to crack, and, consequently, to leak; and as the said tubs stood on the quarter-deck, sundry unsightly stains were the result, much to the indignation of the first lieutenant, who declared that he would have the tubs pitched overboard if they were not otherwise got rid of. The vice-governor, as chief of their staff, was then sent for, and duly impressed with the fact that it was absurd and troublesome to carry these oil-tubs about. The vice-governor was amenable to reason, and the paymaster of the *Odin* was kindly requested to get the oil sold.

The majority of the rice-boxes being away out of sight in the hold, the expediency of carrying out a similar course in regard to them was not at the time pressed. Besides, their Excellencies had not yet been convinced that as much rice as they needed could be procured wherever they touched. The rice-boxes, then, remained undisturbed till the arrival of the mission in France. In the meantime, however, it had been proved beyond dispute that rice grew in abundance in other countries besides Japan, and that as much of it as they would possibly require could be bought in lands which did not produce it at all; and so their own precious rice-boxes travelled no farther than Paris.

On the morning of the 1st of May, the three envoys and four of their principal officers left Claridge's Hotel in carriages to witness the ceremony of the opening of the Great Exhibition. The party was very warmly received, and conducted to seats reserved for them among the *corps diplomatique*. Not till they were seated did their Excellencies attempt to raise their eyes and look round, or venture a remark relative to the imposing structure they were in. While walking up the nave they gave one the idea of being afraid of compromising their dignity by any display of curiosity: but having taken their seats, and produced their indispensable fans, their Excellencies ventured to steal furtive glances at the movements of the various officials, inquired who occupied the different seats in their immediate neighbourhood, and went so far as to remark on the vastness and beauty of the building. The ceremony was over at last, and now we might stroll down the nave and look at the objects of interest that lined our path. First of all we must ascertain their

impressions of the scene, how they liked the music, and which they thought best, our music or their own? Their Excellencies thought the sight was a very splendid one indeed, and said the music was very fine and grand, although they thought it sometimes very loud. The men who were playing this way (imitating the movements of the violin-players) especially attracted their attention, they all kept such marvellous time, sometimes playing so fast, and at other times slowly. "Who was the person who stood in front of the musicians with a stick in his hand?" inquired the envoys. That was the leader. "How he threw his arms and hands about," said one to the other; and as if tickled by what appeared to them the ludicrous figure he cut, their Excellencies began imitating M. Costa's movements, their fans doing duty as bâtons; and a German band just then having begun playing outside, the envoys enjoyed the joke immensely. But they would entertain no comparison of Japanese and English music. "English music would not be understood in Japan, nor would Japanese music be understood in England; but they are both very good."

The first visit the envoys made was, of course, to Earl Russell, and until they had paid their respects to his lordship (in accordance with strict Japanese etiquette) they resolutely refused to stir out anywhere. There was some difficulty at first in prevailing upon them to waive this point, in order that they might be present at the opening of the Exhibition; and, indeed, it was not till they were assured Lord Russell would be there, and that they would be introduced at once, that they consented to go. The following day was fixed for their reception at the Foreign Office. The visit, however, was purely complimentary, the envoys taking occasion to express thanks for the facilities granted them on the journey. On returning from the Foreign Office, they were taken for a drive round Hyde Park. The freshness of the grass, the size of the trees, and the animated appearance of the Row, excited their unqualified admiration. "Look! look at those young girls and boys riding so swiftly!" they would enthusiastically exclaim; "how well they ride! how very beautiful English children are!" "What beautiful hair the girls have!" was also a frequent remark, as some fair child of eleven or twelve years would dash past by the side of her groom, her golden locks waving in the breeze. The Japanese are all fond of children, and a sight like that would so delight the envoys, that they would watch the bold little riders till they were out of sight. The throng of ladies and gentlemen lounging about, however, rather puzzled their Excellencies. "What can be the meaning of *their* coming to the park, where they neither ride nor walk? they are nearly all sitting down or leaning against the rails!"

"Well, it is in order that they may meet one another, and talk, and look at the people on horseback."

"But what do they talk about?"

"Oh, everything; about themselves, other people, the weather, the news of the day, and such like subjects of interest."

"But you say they come here every day, and for the same purpose?  
*Narahoddo!*"

It were needless to narrate the attentions the embassy received, or the places of interest they visited while in this country. They were taken to most of the sights of London and its vicinity, visited Woolwich Arsenal more than once, went over Portsmouth Dockyard, and while there witnessed target practice with the Armstrong 100-pounder and other guns of a smaller bore. The *Black Prince* was also minutely inspected, and numberless notes taken of what principally impressed their Excellencies in her construction. Of course they visited Aldershot, and were present at a grand military display, where the cavalry charges and the flying artillery especially excited their wonder. A visit to the Newcastle coal-mines was also undertaken. The whole party visited the North Seaton Colliery, and the chief envoy and five of his suite descended the mine, in order to see its working with their own eyes. Their own country, among other mineral products, contains a plentiful supply of coal, but the Japanese know very little of the proper modes of working it. It was also considered desirable that they should visit Liverpool, in order that they might have the opportunity of seeing our finest shipping port. From Liverpool they were taken to Birmingham, and, last sight of all, they were taken to see the great festival of "Derbee." Great, indeed, was their wonder at what they saw and heard at Epsom.

The embassy left England for Holland after spending some six weeks among us. It is certain they will not soon forget their visit to this country. Our Government afforded them every opportunity of acquainting themselves with what was most likely to prove of interest to them here; and they availed themselves of the privilege to the fullest extent. The shrewdness they displayed in their inquiries was very striking. It was remarked during their visits to the Royal Arsenal at Woolwich, that no visitors among our own countrymen, or foreigners, had displayed such earnest and untiring interest, even in the most minute detail connected with the manufacture of the Armstrong gun, as the Japanese. Arrived at home, what news they must have had to tell of the many wonderful sights seen in England, France, Holland, Prussia, Russia, and Portugal, if their poor heads did not become addled with it all! On their arrival in this country, however, they were informed that we had regular postal communication twice a month with China, and that it would be as well if they gave their Government some account of what they were seeing and doing. The envoys caught at the hint, and during their stay in England regularly forwarded voluminous despatches by every mail to their own country

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"But I only think of a guileless host     | And a mother with too soon silvered head.  
Killed by the shame of a daughter lost.     | Who weeps for a daughter worse than dead."

### Maladetta.

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Beautiful Sin, with her eyes cast down,  
And her braided hair so glossy and brown!  
I see her still as she passes away,  
The fairest face I have seen to-day,  
With a look, though lowly and meek to me,  
Royal and proud as a queen's might be.

Beautiful Sin, with her eyes cast down,  
And her jewelled arm, and her costly gown,  
Sitting alone in the lustrous light,  
The fairest face I have seen to-night!  
I see her still, as the music pleads,  
Beautiful all but the life she leads.

She went from our village years ago,  
Cast out by her kindred to bear her woe;  
And she knew me well in the crowded street:  
I know her now that again we meet.  
And ah! that maiden, fit heir for a crown,  
Must meet my gaze with her eyes cast down.

The music swells and the music falls,  
And peals in proud pæans along the walls,  
But I only think of a guileless host  
Killed by the shame of a daughter lost,  
And a mother with too soon silvered head,  
Who weeps for a daughter worse than dead.

And who is cursed to his heart within  
That foully he tempted her steps to sin?  
I saw him there, with small thought of amends,  
Joyous, unpunished, ringed round with friends.  
It seemeth all well that the felon go:  
The world is judge, and it judgeth so.

The music swells and the music falls,  
And its last note wails to the lofty walls:  
Beautiful Sin, it is time to go home,  
Outcast of Aidenn, waif of the foam!  
Who in life's agony ever will hie  
To lean his head on thy breast and die!

WILLIAM SMITH.

## I Meditation; on Skeletons—and some other Things.

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I WAS looking, the other day, at some skeletons of sparrows and mice, which an ingenious friend of mine, who is a lover of zoology, had very cleverly dissected and set up in all the glory of brilliant glass-cases, as ornaments to his bachelor apartments. And really very pretty ornaments they were. Did you ever study the skeleton of a mouse? If so, you must have been struck with the carnivorous aspect of the creature thus denuded of its outer flesh. It might pass for a tiger in miniature. And as for the sparrows, their stuck-up, self-satisfied appearance, the pert and knowing look they put on, when thus reduced to their rudiments, surpasses imagination. The essence of the moral qualities of the bird seems almost to be concentrated in its bones. One can see that with such a foundation they could not be anything but what they are.

After admiring them for a time, I fell into a meditation on skeletons in general; and I found the subject, as I thought of it, became full of interest and suggestiveness. How come we and the animals that resemble us to have skeletons at all?

The natural impression given us by looking at a skeleton is evidently not the truth. As we gaze on the solid framework of bone, presenting in so distinct an outline the contour of the living form, it seems to us as if it had been laid down as a basis on which the creature's structure was built up; that the bones were first marshalled in their place, and then clothed with flesh, like the dry bones in Ezekiel's vision. But it is clear that nothing can be more false than this impression. So far from the bones being laid down first, they are altogether a secondary formation: they are rather a deposit from the growing tissues than a framework on which they are built. Of bone properly so called, there is none whatever until a comparatively advanced period of growth, and its formation is preceded by a peculiar structure (termed cartilage), which is itself one of the last formed substances within the body.

But not only can we thus recognize the skeleton as a derived and secondary structure, built up within themselves by the living parts around, but we can trace in thought (though our senses cannot follow it) the mode of its origin. Here again our natural ideas would mislead us. Speaking according to our impressions, we should assign its production to the action of the vital force, and regard it as a direct exhibition of the formative power of life. But the truth is the very opposite again of this. Bone is formed in living structures by a precipitation of solid matter, which is virtually a process like that of excretion, or the casting off of waste materials. And we know by the phenomena of disease, and of

natural decay, that the production of bony matter is a result of the loss and failure of vitality. Excessive *ossification* is one of the most frequent signs of the decay of vital power in old age; and a formation of bone (through weakness of life) in the arteries, the heart, and elsewhere, is a not uncommon cause of death.

This excess of bone is called degeneration; it is a descent and fall from the true vital level, and brings the parts and organs which are subjected to it so much nearer the condition of dead and unorganized matter. The elasticity and pliancy of life are lost, and the power of fulfilling its functions by just so much impaired. And the characters of bone itself indicate the same relations. It approaches the mineral not only in its hardness and its composition, but in its structure. It is an approximation to that crystalline arrangement, in the opposition to which consists one of the chief marks of the living tissue. Bone, therefore, is a step downwards from the living towards the inorganic state.

Surely in this aspect the formation of the skeleton presents itself in a most interesting light, opening a new vista to thought. Let us consider the facts for a moment. The whole bony structure of an animal consists of a substance due to a decadence or withdrawal of vitality; and thus, as it is laid down within the growing body, it marks and demonstrates such decadence. The skeleton, in fact, marks certain lines of ebbing of the vital force. It comes, and only could come, into being thus. And so we find another proof of the opposite processes going on in the body. Here is a tangible demonstration of the fact, unrecognized, however, till its significance had been anticipated; showing how much sharper thought is than sense. We exhume, as it were, from the body the evidence of former life, as travellers exhume the ruins of buried cities.

Is it not a curious result we thus arrive at? We are accustomed to think of the body as the product of an active power, as a revelation and embodiment of life. And we are right; it is so. But here, essential to it, constituting its fundamental portion, without which all the rest were utterly waste and useless, we find that which is the result of the very opposite: of the absence and ceasing of life. Built up in the living framework we find the product of decay. Life reposes on it, not only in the sense, often noted, of springing from and being nourished by decaying matter, but in a mechanical sense also. The basis of the structure that it builds is laid by its own failure. The fact is surely full of an interest and significance which extend beyond the region of physical into that of moral thought; and it would be so even if it stood alone. It would be evidence sufficient of a law, of a resource, as beautiful as it is curious; of an economy and an elegance, if we may venture the expression, in nature, which the mind cannot rest upon without delight.

Of an economy, I say. For it is an instance not only of the use of an *absence*—of the withdrawal of a power—to produce a desired effect; but besides this, of that which we see so often in nature—so much oftener than in any of our own works, and the discovery of which ever fills us

with an especial feeling of satisfaction—the use of some element or process which is otherwise necessarily present, to perform essential, or at least useful offices.

The skeleton results from comparative failure and absence of vital action; it is formed by processes which are, so far as they are special or distinctive, processes of decay, so that no force is expended in producing it. It comes as the decay of the body comes when life has fled. We might parallel it to the building of a pier by dropping stones into the water. No more *power* is needed to deposit them when once they are brought to the right place. The skeleton, we may say, is formed in the body by “dropping stones.”

But more than this: this decay is a necessary part of life itself; it is already present as an essential element in the chain of the vital processes. Without decadence no active vitality is possible: the downward movement ever co-exists with the upward, by a necessity which penetrates to the very essence of material things. But this decadence, which is never absent, is thus turned to account. The very loss and failure of vitality are bidden to subserve its purposes and fulfil its needs. Decay shall render its meed to the stability of that body of which it seems to be the enemy. Out of the destroyer comes forth strength.

The law is a glorious one. The law, I say; for it is a law, and all the thoughts which it suggests are re-echoed from every region of the frame, and by every pulse of life. It is a law that failure and absence of the vital force, and processes of decay, should have a large and varied part in the formation, shaping, and strengthening of the living body. It is one of those natural laws, self-evident when they are known, and of a most fascinating simplicity, but which become recondite and hard to see almost from their very simpleness, and which men so often fail to grasp from inability to comprehend the perfect ease and perfect knowledge of which nature is the fruit, and which the play of her forces exhibits to our view.

Nay, do we speak of play in Nature, of easy, sportive, unconstrained performance? It is the very soul of genius, too; the perfectness of art, the fulness of that law which is the highest liberty. This “play-impulse,” which, as Schiller truly says, is the soul of art, is the soul also of Nature’s vigorous life. Nor in associating the two are we wandering absolutely from our subject. For has not every work of art its skeleton? Every poem, every essay, nay, every article? Dissect it, and you shall find—if it have any force or substance in it, if it can stand upon its feet, if it have head or body, or if its hands lay hold either of the subject or the reader—dissect it, and you shall find its skeleton. But there are two ways in art, though but one in nature, in which the skeleton may be formed. Talent does as nature seems to do, but does not; constructs it first and clothes it. Genius does as nature does. From its living creation as it grows, the skeleton crystallizes out, itself living and the result of life, as the superstructure is. So it is one with nature, truly; and the world, recognizing the kinship, gives it thence its name.



And is it not the same with Constitutions too? In the body of the State do not the framework of its laws and usages, the rules which determine the distribution of power between the governing bodies, and the privileges which are claimed by each, constitute that which answers to the skeleton? And as in life physical, so in life political, must not this framework grow, and not be laid down beforehand? As the out-birth of the natural flowings and ebbings of human passion, determined by mutual efforts and concessions, by exertions and withdrawals of power, they are built vitally into the very substance of the State, and knit it together in living strength. These broad lines mark the spots over which flowed the most stormy tides of a previous age; the areas in which were waged the hottest strifes. They are marks of a vigorous and super-abounding life, which has learnt to abstain as well as to act; to yield and to forego, as well as to assert itself. Where they exist most perfectly, no brain has thoughtfully contrived them, nor any hand cunningly elaborated their mechanism. Such a Constitution is organic; a fruit of life and not of ingenuity. And so it is that it subserves with vital ease the functions which the community performs.

But to return to the organic body: instances of the law we have noted, that failure of the vital force has a constant office in the processes of life, are everywhere. A few of them it will be interesting to recal. Every now and then we hear of a child whose fingers are *webbed*, like the feet of an aquatic bird; that is, they are united together by folds of skin that forbid their separate use. The noble human hand is thus debarred from its office, and stripped of its prerogative. But by what means? Strictly by want of a due failure of vitality, by absence of decay. For the liberation of the fingers, and the shaping of the hand into the comely and commodious instrument it is, is committed to this agency. At their first development the fingers are always thus tied together, and they are set free only by a breaking down and removal of the material that forms the intervening membrane.

Another instance of the same process is furnished by the function of sight. At an early period of its formation the eye is an opaquely closed cavity, which would be useless for vision because incapable of admitting light. A membrane passes across its anterior portion, and obliterates the pupil. This condition lasts longer in some other animals than it does in man, and so it is that puppies and kittens are born blind, and only gain their sight when they are a few days old. The usefulness of all the exquisite and complicated mechanism of the eye is dependent at last upon a little process of decay, which gives the finishing touch to its perfection. By this decay, that membrane is broken down, and, as it is said, absorbed; that is, it is taken up atom by atom and re-conveyed into the blood.

These, however, are but instances of a widely operative law. The body is carved and modelled by decay. The failure and negation of the vital force, in the appointed places, are like the artist's chisel by which it is sculptured into grace.

In regard to the skeleton, many other interesting questions suggest themselves; and many to which I know no answer yet. We cannot help asking, for example, why its form is such as it is; why these "lines of ebbing of the vital force" have left *these* ripples and no others? For my own part I can hardly help likening them to the *nodal lines* by which vibrating plates divide themselves, and on which sand spread on their surface gathers and lies still. Why does the body of all the higher tribes of animals thus subdivide and partition itself off? Do we not feel that an answer to this question is possible, though we cannot give it? And a few vague suggestions are not beyond our power. Thus it is a well-known fact that bones are larger and stronger in proportion to the size and vigour of the muscles that are attached to them; and that they are increased in size by increased activity and growth of the corresponding muscles. Again we know that *tendon* sometimes takes the place of bone; what is bone in some animals being replaced by tendon in others. Thus in the crocodiles there are ribs attached to the spinal cord below the chest, and closing in the lower part of the body. In man the positions of these ribs are marked by bands of tendon.

And considering the skeleton as a whole, it is curious to note that its position in respect to the other portions of the body is, in the lower animals, the very opposite of that which it appears to occupy in the higher. In all the higher groups—that is, in all animals possessing a back-bone—the skeleton, with the exception of the skull, is placed *within* the body; but in all the groups below these, when it exists at all, it is external, surrounding and including all the soft parts; and the muscles are attached to it from within, as is well seen in the oyster or the crab. In fact, in its earliest condition (if we may consider the lower animals to exhibit this) the skeleton is a capsule or protecting enclosure for the body; and this relation is still visible in many of the higher orders, as in the shell, or "carapace," of the tortoise, and the bony plates which guard the head of the sturgeon. Now in the form of an external investiture it is clearly exhibited as an excretion from the animal that wears it, it is an evident casting off of materials of a lowered vitality. Its formation may be compared to the shedding of the skin of the caterpillar or the snake, or to the hardening of the capsule of the chrysalis. Altogether different from this appears to be the position of the skeleton in the mammalia. Yet it is not truly so different if we regard its chief portions in their essential relations. Dividing the body into head, trunk, and limbs, we find the bony portion in the two former segments discharging an office, if not occupying a position, essentially the same as that which it discharges in the lower tribes. The skull surrounds and protects the brain, the spinal column surrounds and protects the spinal cord. The nervous centres in the higher animals bear the same relation to their skeleton as the whole body of the lower animals bears to theirs. It is only in the limbs that this relation is not preserved. The skeleton, therefore, is still a capsule, still formed around included parts which its office is to support and to protect,

even in the highest realms of life. And it may be that the position which it thus holds is connected, in the latter cases also, with the process of decay by which its earthy composition is determined. May not, in short, the lower animal, external skeleton and all, be represented to the imagination as absorbed and embedded in the higher?

There is one suggestion more that may, perhaps without too great a licence of the fancy, be made upon this point. The articulated—that is, the ringed or jointed—form of the skeleton in all the higher group of animals is very marked. The spine, with which we may include the head, consists of a series of bony rings, which cannot but be compared to the “segments” of the insect tribe. The ribs attached to these rings present a series of parallel and consecutive divisions; the bones of the extremities are divided by their joints. Now may we venture to connect with this “segmentation,” in our thoughts, a parallel on which the fancy cannot but dwell with pleasure, however doubtfully the intellect may regard it? How like a vast dragon, or icy serpent, the glacier lies in its lair in the mountain gully, or, as if endowed with a slow, cold-blooded life, glides downward towards the plain. Do we recognize the horrid likeness? There is another point of resemblance. The monster is ribbed like a living creature too: segmented like, though unlike, the spine. Now what are these markings athwart its bosom? Mr. Tyndal has brought evidence to show that they represent lines of greatest pressure, and result from a thawing of the ice due to that pressure, and followed by a renewed freezing. May we connect these two cases in our thoughts, and imagine that the lines of segmentation in the skeleton denote lines of greatest pressure, and mark a changed vital process due thereto?

But perhaps the most interesting thought which these ideas suggest relates to the connection of disease with life. Disease, we may say, in such facts as these, justifies itself, gives an account of its presence, makes good its claim to be. Of the maladies to which life succumbs, scarcely any are more frequent, or more insidiously fatal, than two processes of decay which we have found playing so essential a part in the very formation of the living frame. Defect and failure of the vital force manifests itself in these appointed ways. Bone intrudes where soft and plastic structures are required, and by its dull resistance checks and benumbs the bounding stream of life. Or the living structure softens, and the firmly tenacious, though elastic, tissue of the artery or the muscle becomes relaxed, and fat usurps its place: fat, as the first stage towards utter wasting away and loss. The function accordingly fails, or the weakened organ gives way before some unusual strain. Then death ensues, and we say, and justly say, “Behold disease!” True, it is disease; yet it is a kind of disease that has been minister to health, and has alone made possible the activities of life.

Nor is this relation confined to these two instances alone. True, all disease is a defect of life; a partial dying, a failure of force where it is needed to sustain the frame which it has raised. But never does this

failure come to mar and to destroy, but it recalls unnumbered instances in which the like failure has been rich in benefits. All study of the ills that flesh is heir to teaches no surer lesson than that every process of disease has its counterpart in healthful life.

Nor, perhaps, is it impossible to trace a deeper reason here. By the mysterious necessity of things which ever binds opposites together, and will let us have no light without its shadow, we know it is determined—pre-determined ere ever the first living creature drew its breath—that life must depend on death, and growth spring from decay. Disease, decay—we think of them as enemies, but they are in truth our earliest nurses. They cherished our infant life, therefore they come to gather our last breath.

Our last breath, do we call it? Is it not our first true breathing rather? The heralds of life throng around the death-bed, and the same hands that nurtured our earliest days minister to our last. It is even so: so it should be, and must. Death and decay, heralds of life they were—and are; where the new life dawns and the trembling spirit thrills on the brink of a new world, there the appointed forerunners and ministers of life must be. Without death we could not enter upon life; without processes which are essentially those which we know as processes of disease, we never could have drawn our vital breath; it is by loss we gain, by failure we succeed.

Dying is a birth we witness from the outer side; we see but the departing, not the coming life. Even as in this life, so called, it is but the one side we see, and that—is it not the wrong? Is it not in the dying breath, the sinking pulse, the strife abandoned, that life is revealed?—a life of higher energies and wider sphere, of which the yielded breath and fading strength of man may well give promise.

The ministers of life are these that wait around the dying couch: of fearful seeming, but true friends; waiting on us indeed, unseen, through all our journey, but then achieving all their work when the highest triumph is to be won, the final victory gained



## The Strange Story of the Marquise de Douhault.

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ADELAIDE DE CHAMPIGNELLES, the daughter of Rogres de Champignelles and Jeanne de Laubrière, was born on the 7th of October, 1741. Her father's name, or title as we may call it, preceded by the aristocratic particle *de*, was derived from the small country town of Champignelles, about nine leagues from Auxerre, where the family château and estates were situate. According to custom, she received her education in a convent, seeing very little of the world, except the world of nuns and father-confessors, and knowing nothing of the world's selfishness.

On the 30th of August, 1764, she left the convent to marry a wealthy nobleman, the Marquis de Douhault. It was what the French call a suitable match; in which class of matches the suitability consists in the rank and fortune of the parties.

Love had little—that is to say, nothing—to do with the marriage; though Madame la Marquise de Douhault began her wedded life with the hope of being able to love her husband. But no such happiness was in store for her. Very shortly after the wedding, the bride discovered that the bridegroom was afflicted with epilepsy! The hoped-for hours of tenderness were replaced by fearful scenes of horror. Recovering from the shock of this awful blow, she accepted her sorrowful lot in silence, continuing to fulfil her duties as a wife quietly, without outward complaint. But in 1765 her husband's malady suddenly degenerated into furious insanity. His excitement and violence were such that it became dangerous to wait upon him. Madame de Douhault did her utmost to soothe him during his fits of mania; but one day, while interfering to prevent his cruel treatment of a man-servant, she received a sword wound in her right breast.

In April, 1766, the two families agreed, under legal authority, to seclude M. de Douhault at Charenton, near Paris, in which asylum he survived, always insane, for nearly one-and-twenty years, having died there in March, 1787. His wife, at five-and-twenty the widow of a living husband, continued to reside at the Château du Chazelet, an estate belonging to the marquis. During all those sad one-and-twenty years she led an exemplary and benevolent life.

To her sorrow, M<sup>de</sup>. de Douhault had an only brother—M. de Champignelles. Her father, M. de Champignelles the elder, had died in May, 1784, that is, about three years before her husband's death. According to her account, his death was hastened by grief at the unkind conduct of his son, who turned him out of the hotel which he occupied, by substituting his own name for his father's in a renewal of the lease. The father's death gave occasion for the settlement of the mother's claims, which entitled

her to a life interest in all her husband's property, on the condition of paying to her son an income of 4,000 francs a year, and to her daughter the sum of 40,000 francs, the half of her dowry, which had never been paid.

But a son who had cheated his father was not likely to respect the rights either of his mother or his sister. At the settlement he contrived to terrify the former into accepting an allowance from him of about eleven thousand francs a year, he taking possession of all the estates. Madame de Douhault, in easy circumstances, and without children, made no great resistance to this lion-like partition of the spoil. He thus got into his own hands the whole of the paternal inheritance, to the half of which his sister had an equal right, besides her claim of forty thousand francs now, and as much more at her mother's death.

As might have been expected, the greedy bargain once made, and the source of the funds within his grasp, the bad son paid his mother's income badly. More than once Madame de Champignelles found herself in need; more than once she was compelled to raise money by getting her former valet-de-chambre to pledge or sell her jewellery. She was obliged to deny herself luxuries, and to underlet rooms in her residence. In her correspondence with her daughter she bitterly complained of her melancholy isolation in Paris, while her proper place was to remain as mistress at the Château de Champignelles, where any other son would have affectionately installed her. For a time she hoped for better things, but by degrees the truth broke on her mind that with ingratitude in a selfish child there is no hope. With this sad conviction forced upon her, she entreated her daughter to join her in instituting legal steps to recover their rights, which she repented of having yielded so easily.

Before coming to a decision which must be the commencement of a family struggle, Madame de Douhault wrote to her brother, urging him, in friendly terms, to put an end to the cause of complaint. His reply was redoubled harshness. He even offered the patrimonial estates for sale, the report of which increased the mother's alarm, and determined the daughter to take a decided step.

Such was the state of affairs, when Madame de Douhault informed her mother that she would arrive in Paris by the beginning of 1788 to consult about the measures most expedient to adopt. The son was thus threatened either with having to restore to his mother the life-enjoyment of the property, or with having to share it with his sister. In either case his sister was an inconvenience. Her interference was inopportune, her claims unpleasant. The most fortunate thing for him would be to get rid of both. Nevertheless *he* also expressed his desire that the meeting and consultation should take place. Instead of seeming to fear their results, he even urged their realization.

Another circumstance ought to be mentioned, which may explain the motives of other actors in this domestic drama. At her husband's death Madame de Douhault had caused to be drawn up, in the presence of the heirs of the deceased, an inventory of the inheritance which she had the



right to enjoy for her life. Her claims thus substantiated, she became a fixture upon the estate—an annuitant, whose longevity would be burdensome, and whose decease would be a gain to the next expectants. It was at the close of the December following that she left Chazelet on a visit to her mother, to consult with her respecting their family concerns.

If we may believe the Woman without a Name who will shortly appear upon the scene, Madame de Douhault, when about to start for Paris, felt a secret presentiment of evil, an inexplicable repugnance to take the journey. Her nearest friends and relations approved of the undertaking: still, in her farewell visits to her neighbours, she could not conceal her involuntary fears, for which she could show no definite motive. Her cousin, a magistrate, reassured her, attributing her vague inquietude to a temporary derangement of health; in spite of which, she could not help deferring her departure till the last minute possible.

At length, with great regret, she started. In travelling to Paris her habit was to sleep at Orleans, at the house of M. du Lude, her great-nephew *on her husband's side*, and consequently one of the parties who would come in for a share of her husband's property, after her decease. That gentleman happened then to be at Argenton, on the way to Orleans, and she wrote to invite him to accompany her thither. He declined to do so, on some frivolous pretext; and curiously enough, she was informed at Argenton that he had started for Orleans immediately after receiving her invitation. At Argenton she sent back her own coachman, and went on with post-horses. On reaching Orleans, she drove at once to M. du Lude's house, as usual. This time, alleging sundry reasons, he excused himself from entertaining her, indicating, instead of his own, the house of one M. de la Roncière, where he said a chamber was prepared for her, and also advising her to send her servant elsewhere, to give the less trouble to the De la Roncières.

Not a little astonished at this reception, she went where she was told, and found a chamber on the ground-floor, looking into the court-yard. Here, say her brother and his partisans, she fell ill, and died on the 18th of January, 1788. Her funeral took place on the 21st; the French bury their dead sooner than we do. So far there is nothing very extraordinary in the lady's biography. Other women have had afflicted husbands, have conducted themselves worthily under the affliction, and have died while travelling. Our wonder is now to begin.

On the 17th of October, 1791, a veiled personage, dressed in black, presented herself at the gate of the Château de Champignelles. On her demanding admission, the porter replied, "Madame, my master, M. de Champignelles, has forbidden me to allow any one to enter without a written order from himself."

"But don't you know me, Saint-Loup?" she asked, raising her veil. "I am the Marquise de Douhault, your master's sister."

"The marquise died some time ago. You had better withdraw, madame; I have my orders."

The lady returned to the town of Champignelles, where she had arrived in a carriage and had passed the night at the principal inn.

The next morning, at the ten o'clock mass, she entered the church, which was crowded with townspeople and the dependants of the château. She raised her veil, knelt before a tomb inscribed with the name of Rogres de Champignelles, and prayed, shedding many tears. The persons present, in astonishment, watched her with the greatest attention. Several of them exclaimed aloud, "What a striking likeness to the late Madame la Marquise de Douhault!"

But in that very church, and not very long since, a funeral service had been celebrated for the repose of the marquise's soul. Nevertheless, the stranger's figure, her walk, her features—everything—so perfectly recalled the deceased to mind, that during the mass more than one of the congregation could not help muttering, "She may be dead; but one would say that this is our marquise all the same."

When mass was over, knots of people waited at the door, to see the lady walk out of church. She was accompanied by a *femme-de-chambre*. One of the spectators, bolder than the rest, accosted the servant, and inquired her mistress's name. "You ought to know her better than I do," was the answer given.

At this, several persons who had had more frequent intercourse than the others with Mdlle. de Champignelles, approached the lady. "Yes, my friends," she said, "I am indeed the Marquise de Douhault; my childhood was passed in this domain, where I am now refused admittance."

Her voice, too, was the voice of Mademoiselle de Champignelles. She dissipated all further doubt by addressing each individual by name and reminding them of circumstances which could only be known to the daughter of their former lord. Hesitation was no longer possible. The whole town was convinced of the marquise's actual return in the flesh. The bells rang to celebrate the event. During the course of several days, the marquise was visited by many persons belonging to the neighbourhood. All who had known the Marquise de Douhault recognized her in the person who now claimed the name. The National Guard fêted the recovered lady; the municipal officers, the head of the police, wished to give every possible authenticity to her almost general recognition by the inhabitants. They therefore published, to the sound of the drum, a request that every one who did recognize her should make declaration to that effect before the municipality.

On the 23rd of October the inquiry was opened. Ninety-six inhabitants of the town and its environs testified to the lady's existence and to her identity with the person who appeared in their presence. This result was officially recorded. Immediately afterwards, she summoned the Sieur de Champignelles, her brother, before the Bureau de Conciliation, as detaining her goods under an illegal title. This summons having had no effect, she transferred the suit to the Tribunal of the district of Saint-Fargeau, in order to be reinstated in all her rights, titles, and goods, and

to recover five hundred thousand francs, as damages. A memoir which she published in support of her claims explains how, supposed to be dead and buried at Orleans, she was still alive.

On the 15th of January, 1788—dates are of importance in this tangled tale—it appears that she prepared to leave Orleans for Paris. That day, Madame de la Roncière invited her to take a farewell drive along the quays of the Loire. Two other ladies were of the party. During the drive, Madame de la Roncière offered Madame de Douhault a pinch of snuff; immediately after taking which she was seized with so violent a headache that she begged to be driven back to the house at once. They gave her a footbath, and she then fell into a profound slumber. Was the snuff poisoned, and the lady a tool of M. de Champignelles?

Afterwards? A wide blank here occurs in Madame de Douhault's recollections. All she knew was that she awoke in the Salpêtrière, at Paris—a hospital for female lunatics and a prison for female criminals!

By an effort of memory, she was able vaguely to call to mind that, after the slumber at Orleans, which lasted for more than a day, she had a lucid interval, during which Madame de la Roncière urged her to set off for Paris that very evening. She was not allowed to see her *femme-de-chambre*. She had a confused remembrance of taking a basin of broth from that lady's hands; of going to Paris, where the image of her brother passed before her eyes; of police-agents arresting her and carrying her off in a closed carriage.

At the Salpêtrière she gradually regained the sad possession of her faculties. Her reason returned, clear and bright, causing her to feel her situation the more acutely. She expressed her astonishment, protested, told them who she was. They replied that she was mistaken; that her name was Anne Buirette. After seventeen months of horrible seclusion, during which time all her letters were intercepted, she succeeded in acquainting a powerful friend, Madame de Polignac, with the infamous sequestration practised on her; adding that the Minister who had granted such an arbitrary order must have been deceived into yielding it. [Those were still the days of *lettres-de-cachet*.] Madame de Polignac got the order revoked; and on the 13th of July, 1789, a Chevalier de Saint-Louis came to the prison and announced to Madame de Douhault that she was free. He accompanied her to the bottom of the Jardin des Plantes, and left her there to shift for herself. The captive of the Salpêtrière found herself alone in Paris, ignorant of passing events, on the eve of a terrible revolution, when the people were preludeing to the capture of the Bastille by burning the Barrières.

Meanwhile, at Orleans, Madame de Douhault was said to have died of a disease which the doctors qualified as "lethargic." Seals were put on her effects and papers, and on her furniture at Chazelet. Her funeral was proceeded with, and a certificate of burial drawn up. On the 25th of January they obtained from Madame de Champignelles, the mother, who was bewailing the loss of a beloved daughter, an authorization to remove

the seals. M. de Champignelles proceeded, with *Madame de Douhault's other heirs*, to divide the inheritance left by his sister.

She herself had not the slightest suspicion that her brother had been the cause of her detention. She was not aware that she was legally dead, and her first thought was to fly to him. He would not recognize her, refused any explanation, and had her turned out of the house as a mad woman, as an adventuress. Comprehending nothing about such a reception, she betook herself to an uncle, a commandant. He received her coldly. Like M. de Champignelles, he did not know her; and, nevertheless, he asked her to dinner. With tears in her eyes she refused, exclaiming, "I shall find a refuge with my mother!" "Your mother!" replied the commandant. "Your mother is dead."

In her desolation, she hastened to Madame de Polignac, then at Versailles. There she was recognized by numerous persons of the highest distinction, amongst others by the unfortunate Princesse de Lamballe. The whole Court were unanimous in believing that the prisoner rescued from the Salpêtrière was no other than Adelaide de Champignelles.

Madame de Douhault did not wish to be in too great a hurry to raise a judicial scandal involving the honour of two families. All her friends and protectors advised her to confide in the goodness and justice of the King. But very soon the King himself was powerless, the Court dispersed. In February, 1790, she resolved to bring a civil action. Through the treachery of those whom she trusted as her advocates, she was sent for a month to the prison of La Force. There, she claimed the assistance of Bailly, who was then Mayor of Paris. Bailly knew her, and wished to aid her; but he found that he had to reckon with people from whose violence he was unable eventually to rescue his own head. On leaving La Force, she learned by accident that the commandant had deceived her, and that her mother was still alive, although broken down by age and sorrow. One touching and final interview only was allotted to them for the interchange of their mutual confidences. M. de Champignelles was informed of the meeting. He closed his mother's doors against his sister. A few days afterwards, Mdme. de Champignelles really died, and Mdme. de Douhault fell seriously ill. Such are the facts on which that lady grounded her protest against the Register of Death drawn up at Orleans.

M. de Champignelles at first attempted a summary reply to these accusations. In a complaint addressed to M. Delessart, the Minister of the Interior, he treated the public inquiry and recognition at Champignelles as a guilty act,—as an attempt to obtain forcible possession of the château. The claimant, he said, had appeared at the gate of that residence accompanied by three hundred armed men, in order to compel the steward to yield it. He insisted that the municipality was bound to protect his property against all aggression of the kind.

These tactics not succeeding, he was obliged to follow other forms of law. In February, 1792, he was permitted to have an interrogatory put to the plaintiff, which consisted of one hundred and fourteen questions,

thereby putting the lady into the position of the accused party or the prisoner. Now in France, the presiding judge, so far from being, as in England, the counsel for the prisoner, is his most severe cross-examiner. From the very first, Madame de Douhault—for so we are obliged to call her—could not help perceiving that a change of circumstances had taken place, that the court was against her, and that the interrogating judge believed that he had sufficient grounds for taxing her with falsehood. He could and would see in her no other than a certain Anne Buirette, who, it appeared, was imprisoned in the Salpêtrière on the 3rd of January, 1786.

To the majority of these questions Madame de Douhault replied quite satisfactorily. They minutely tested her recollection of names, faces, costumes, and facts which could prove her identity. On most of them she was imperturbable; no one, it seemed, but the real marquise could give so complete an account of her past life as she did. But when they talked to her about her entrance into the Salpêtrière, she became confused, and unfortunately adopted [38th Answer] the very date, January 3, 1786, which was signalized as that of the incarceration of Anne Buirette, who, according to M. de Champignelles' system of defence, was in fact the real plaintiff. From that moment the judges considered themselves absolved from further investigation; this answer decided everything. The plaintiff, imprisoned in La Salpêtrière from 1786 to 1789, could not be Madame de Douhault, whom authentic documents proved to be living at Chazelet in 1786 and 1787. The judges did not take any note that the Anne Buirette in question was twenty-eight years of age at the time of her entrance into the Salpêtrière, whilst at that date Madame de Douhault was forty-five, and now was evidently past fifty. They did not consider that a single incorrect answer out of one hundred and fourteen ought not to cancel all the rest. After that answer, every one of M. de Champignelles' assertions was unhesitatingly accepted. The plaintiff's counsel was gained over by the defendant to acts of treachery. Letters badly written and spelt, purporting to be from her, were produced in court, which she asserted to be forgeries. The Commissaire du Roi in his speech denounced her as a vulgar impostor.

Madame de Douhault had blue eyes, limped slightly in her walk, had on her right breast the scar of the sword-cut, and on her left hand a well-known scar from the bite of a little dog, on her right arm the scars of a surgical cautery. The plaintiff bore the very same marks; but all material proofs were in vain. The unfortunate answer to the 38th Question put an end to everything. In May, 1792, the tribunal of Saint-Fargeau pronounced that the plaintiff had been "imprisoned for swindling in the Salpêtrière from the 3rd of January, 1786, until the 16th of October, 1789, under the name of Anne Buirette;" that she could not therefore be the late Madame de Douhault; that she had no right to demand that the Sieur de Champignelles should answer *her* interrogatories, since, whatever might be the facts elicited by his answers, "they could be

of no consequence to a stranger." It was resolving the question at issue by the question itself.

We cannot follow all the subsequent legal struggles. A Councillor of State declared that the Saint-Fargeau judgment contained "three disgusting falsehoods." Twenty-one witnesses deposed that they had been threatened and tampered with by the defendant. All was to no purpose; at every step uprose the unlucky answer to the 38th Question.

In this singular case, truth and equity were sacrificed to forms of law. In July, 1808, there appeared an admirable *Consultation on the Douhault Judgments*, by M. Romain Desèze, the courageous defender of Louis XVI., in which he says that there exists neither in the forms of French legislation nor in the power of any court of law, any resource by which the plaintiff could appeal against the sentences which formally refused her the name she claimed, and which prohibited her from assuming it. Those sentences were beyond the reach of any kind of legal attack. The case had passed through the entire series of courts; all had successively rejected the claim. Consequently, it was formally decided by every tribunal which had the right to interfere, that the plaintiff was not the Widow de Douhault, and that she could not take that quality and title without committing a criminal usurpation.

Nevertheless, when they gave their decision that the plaintiff was not the Widow de Douhault, none of the tribunals which rejected her claim were able to say *who* she was, to what class of society she belonged, the place of her birth, where she had lived, whether she were widow, wife, or maid, what she had done during the fifty years that preceded her claim, or what had been her social condition during that period. Here, then, was a woman without a name, without a station, without a title, without an origin; she belonged to nobody; she could claim no relation; she had no position whatever in the world; she could not appear before a tribunal under any denomination; she could not perform any act of civil life; she was nothing, nobody, a nonentity.

Madame de Douhault, or whoever she was, had enjoyed for some years the interest of an "inscription" in the "Grand Livre" of France—say, of a sum invested in Government securities. The proprietor of the "inscription"—the person who had the reversion of the principal—wanted to sell that reversion, as he had a perfect right to do; to effect which it was necessary that the life-tenant should sign the transfer, which was impossible. How could she sign with a name which legal judgments had forbidden her to take? And, as those judgments had not assigned to her any other name, the transfer could not be effected. The Government security—a form of property naturally transmissible and circuable—was obliged to remain unsold.

What means could be employed to remedy this anomalous position, which is unexampled in the annals of justice? The French lawyers puzzled their brains, and came to the conclusion that they were at a dead lock, at a stand-still, at the end of a blind alley. That ill-omened date, the



3rd of January, 1786, remained like a stone fastened to a drowning man. The defendant would not allow it to drop. There was no remedy, according to due course of law. "In all contests," said one legal luminary, "there is a term where the magistrate's inquiries must stop." "We can only," said another, "treat human affairs *humanly*. In questions of fact, we are obliged to judge, not according to the eternal truth of things, but according to their shadows, their figures, their appearances. If we have erred in the Douhault affair, we have erred *according to rule*, and *our error consequently does not exist in the eyes of the law*." A third authority clenched the nail with—"One of the commonest maxims in law is, that a thing once judged ought to pass for the truth, and that a sentence has power of making white black, and black white."

And then they adduced the very natural and very innocently simple argument, "Who can believe that any one holding so distinguished a position as M. de Champignelles, &c., would ever dare, &c., by such odious means, &c., to stifle the voice of nature, &c., and degrade and rob his unfortunate sister, whose only crime was the wealth she possessed and was entitled to?"

Her friends urged that, if she were not the Widow de Douhault, she must necessarily be somebody else. How was it that, in the course of so searching an inquiry, her real name was not discovered? A life of more than fifty years could not be passed without leaving a trace. It is the only trial in which an impostor has been condemned for assuming a false name without the discovery of his real name and origin. But here, the only safe ground to act upon, namely, the impostor's *veritable* individuality, is altogether wanting.

Legal consultations could get no further than to ascertain that, although every point in the case indicated the possibility of the reversal of the sentence, the means of proceeding to that reversal were not to be found in existing legislation. So late as 1809, ten eminent Paris jurists, assembled in the conviction of the plaintiff's good faith, were unable to untie the Gordian knot. Their belief in her claim was supported by an eleventh lawyer, who had known her well before her troubles, and who was convinced of her identity by her voice, her figure, her features, and her conversation.

Nor was the difficulty summarily removed, as it might have been, by the interference of the Head of the State. The lady who claimed to be Madame de Douhault remained, to the end of her days, a woman without a name. A drama played on the Boulevard, *La Fausse Marquise*, publicly taxed her with imposture; and when the authorities interfered to put a stop to the scandal, the piece prohibited in Paris was acted for a considerable time afterwards at Orleans, through the influence of the triumphant family. And when Madame de Douhault gave up the ghost, no one dare inscribe *any* name upon her tombstone.

## Revelations of Prison Life.

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THE thief has now been so long under observation as a study, so much has been written of his life, manners, and conversation, that plain men are satisfied at last with their knowledge of the subject. So far as the general public is concerned, however, this knowledge ceases at the prison door. The art of thieving, the tricks of the trade, have been made familiar enough, and our own readers know how interesting as well as instructive they are; but the thief once laid in gaol, it seems to be assumed that there is an end of his ingenuities, that he can no longer be mischievous or entertaining. This is altogether a mistake; a mistake which reports leave undisputed and officials are slow to expound, but which we take the liberty to correct—chiefly on the information of convicts themselves.

Notoriously, the most remarkable thing about prison life at present is, that it has no terrors for the regular practitioners of crime. They have found it out; and they know that, like other dispensations of fortune, it is capable of much amelioration to a constant, patient, ingenious nature. Now the qualities which make a successful pickpocket or housebreaker are exactly those best fitted to soften the rigours of confinement; while, as for the rest, there is plenty of leisure in gaol for the exercise of such devices as may serve to make a convict comfortable. To begin with, the regular hand is familiar, either by experience or the information of his comrades, with the "ins and outs" of every prison in the kingdom. He knows governors and gaolers-in-chief by nicknames; and has so often discussed the particular hardships and amenities of their several establishments, that he can enter none without a considerable degree of useful preparation. Just as commercial travellers debate the merits of hotels, so do gaol-birds discuss the comparative advantages of lodging in this or that prison.

Not that there seems to be much use in carrying information into a gaol, any more than into an hotel, without money. If, indeed, I am embarked in a small line of business, with a prospect of only brief periods of confinement, command of cash is not of much importance; but if I work at my "nefarious trade" under a contingency of long sentences, then it is; for thieves whose experience cannot be doubted do say that the discipline of many prisons may be eased by money, and the rigorous gaoler be much mollified. So much is this the case, that the convict's first consideration as he rides from the Old Bailey in the black van is, how to get money; if, indeed, he or his friends have not arranged all that before. If possible, he will carry money into gaol with him, concealed in ways so painstaking and desperate sometimes as to leave us in no doubt

about its value to him. To honest and simple-minded folk outside it may seem that money is as useless in a prison cell as in the grave: the thief is guided by a different opinion. Of course he is searched upon delivery at the gaol door, but what if he has *swallowed* a pound or two, for instance? That is by no means an untried expedient; and when a warder finds a new comer fallen suddenly ill, and unwilling to have the assistance of a doctor, he is at no loss to divine the cause. He has witnessed such fits of indisposition before, and knows that if he makes no fuss about it, his silence may be handsomely rewarded when the attack is over.

The warders, and the instructors, too, perhaps, make the weakness of domestic discipline in gaols. The warder has opportunities of private intercourse with his prisoners every day, and I do not know of any system of inspection by which this intercourse is restricted within safe limits. The consequence is, that if a warder chooses to increase his income by a little bribery, he has small difficulty in working out his desire; the bribe is always ready to his hand, and with a moderate degree of caution he can earn and take it undetected. No doubt there are many warders who do *not* choose to be bribed, and as a body, they are a steady, faithful set of men; but I question whether there is a gaol in the country which could not furnish an exception to the rule, and more than one.

These exceptions are known to the rogues with whom they deal as "right-screws." They receive money from the prisoner's friends, and expend it for him (of course, with certain abatements) in the purchase of meat, drink, and tobacco. They also traffic very profitably in "cross-stiffs." A cross-stiff, the reader should be told, is a letter written secretly by or for a prisoner, and smuggled out of the gaol precincts by a "right-screw;" and it is easy to see how letters like these, sent by prisoners to their friends before trial, may serve guilt and embarrass justice. "Sometimes," a thief informs me, "we tell our pals how they are to go on to get us off—whether or not they are to work back, which means, to restore the stolen things, or try for a compromise. Many old hands have escaped this way; or if working back is not to be done, the thief is often able, in cases where the goods remain concealed, to make arrangements to get them secured and disposed of as he thinks best.

"We have to pay dearly, though, for the right-screw's services. To get a cross-stiff out costs us from half-a-crown to five shillings, according to the sort of letter it is, and how we can afford to pay for it. If you write to your friends for a little money, and the right-screw undertakes to bring it in, *that* has to be paid for smartly. Out of five pounds, say, the warder takes twenty-five shillings; though the regular deduction is one-third of the whole amount. But that is not enough: whatever little comforts the right-screw buys for you out of the rest of the money he puts toll on. Tobacco which he buys at threepence an ounce he charges us from a shilling to half-a-crown for; and half a pint of rum generally comes to three shillings by the time we get it. It is the same with any

extra food we may have brought in; and the prices are pretty much alike in penal servitude, on the public works, and in prisons generally. Of course the warders have to take care of themselves while they play this game. Not that *we* are likely to tell on them. Though very grasping, they are very convenient, and a right-screw and an old stager in my line soon come to understand each other, and get on snug and comfortable. But what follows? Others have to suffer. You see, a warder's nothing if he isn't 'active.' Some governors like noisy warders, and all of them have to be kept square by a show of zeal. But if the right-screw never reports *us*, if he regularly gives his paying friends a character for work and good conduct, he *must* complain of somebody, and the flats naturally have to pay the piper. They are the ones that get reported; right or wrong, they are always in trouble, getting the hardest work, and a bad character into the bargain. The warder squares the account that way. To be sure, the worst thieves are really the best behaved in prison generally. It does not pay to be knocked about, and the way to get the most comfort is to take things quietly."

Intrigues and quarrels are always rife amongst warders, instructors, and prisoners. "Serving one another out," and "paying each other off," appear to be very much the business and recreation of these various bodies. The thieves, impatient of an officer more than commonly obnoxious, will conspire together, "plant something on him," and sometimes succeed in getting him dismissed. No snare is too dangerous, lies are never thought too black or too numerous, to ruin such an offender, or at any rate to confound and humiliate him. A certain instructor had conceived a great contempt for the thief's craft. He wondered, and never ceased expressing his wonder, that any one could be dull enough to have his pocket picked with his eyes open. But he presently found that *he* had been robbed, and carried his complaint to a clever old thief in whose cell he worked.

"I'm in a pretty mess! Got robbed of two sovereigns last night, and can't imagine how! I was to have bought two pigs this week, and if I don't take them home my wife will find me out, and *then* I shall have it!"

"You robbed! don't tell me,—you are too knowing. The fact is, you have been in bad company. No wonder you don't like to go home without the pigs!"

"Nothing of the kind. I did go into a public-house for a glass of ale certainly, and there were two or three men and women standing there; but I declare I never sat down, and came away as soon as I had drunk my beer. My wife is so jealous, that is the worst of it! I shall never have any more peace."

"You talk uncommonly like a guilty man, I must say. However, it ain't for me to go lecturing of any party in your situation—more the other way; and in fact I'll lend you some money to get out of the scrape."

"You!"

"Well, don't holler! You've heard of a man's having money in gaol before now, I suppose. Here's a couple of sovs., and mind you go straight home. But perhaps I had better lend you a purse to take care of 'em in."

Whereupon the thief delivered to the instructor his own money and his own purse, together with a strongly worded recommendation not to boast of his cleverness so much in future. The overjoyed and slightly humiliated instructor said he wouldn't; and at the same time pledged himself that his obliging pupil should have a banquet of eggs, rum, and pudding at the first opportunity. Soon after the prisoner's discharge, a note for the governor was found in his cell, to this effect:—

MY DEAR SIR,

TAKE my ventilator out, and you will find some egg-shells and an empty bottle. I am sorry, though, that I was too thirsty to leave you any rum as a return for all your kindness.

Yours truly,

THE BIRD WHAT'S FLOWN.

Scarcely less welcome to the thief in gaol than rum and tobacco is a little gossip; this the right-screw also indulges him with, and assists the circulation of messages amongst other gentlemen, his friends in confinement. But thieves have many ingenious methods of communication with each other, independent of their warder's aid. So ingenious are these methods, indeed, that the silent system has become a farce, almost, to those who are in the secret. When (to use their own slang) convicts are "doing their separates," they take exercise together in the prison-yards; and this privilege affords sufficient opportunity for conversation, though they are forbidden to utter a syllable. They talk in dumb show; and many defy the vigilance of all the warders in Europe to prevent them. With their mouths half open, they can speak to a companion hard by without detection, for the lips and the lower jaw are never moved. If the other fails to catch the low, hollow sound addressed to him, he puts a finger into his ear and shakes it as if it were itching. The dumb alphabet and gesture-language of the gaol is very complete. When one prisoner wishes to inform another that somebody is dead, he spells the name on his fingers, then rests his head upon his hands and stamps on the ground: so-and-so is dead and buried. Or if a mutual friend has been transported, the informant rubs his leg, spelling out the unfortunate's name, as before. Imprisonment for so many years is expressed by placing a corresponding number of fingers on the ear—Bill Sykes has got three 'ear!—for months, a similar sign on the mouth does duty. If I have received a letter, and wish to convey information of that fact to some friend in the exercise-yard, I cough to attract his observation, and then scribble on my hand. I signify that I have received a newspaper by seeming to read from my palm. Have I been favoured with a visit, I put my finger to my eye. If I have become possessed of tobacco I reveal the happy fact by rubbing my nose. I pretend to whip when I have been flogged, and explain that I have been put on short allowance by placing

my hands upon my bereaved stomach. To indicate that I have sent a letter, I write on my hand, and feign to toss the writing to the air. My missis has been "lagged," and I challenge my friend's sympathy by pressing both palms upon my breast. If I wish to intimate that I have been reported, I touch my collar. Perhaps I have to see the governor or the deputy-governor: in the one case I hold up my index finger and put it to my eye—in the other I apply the second finger in like manner: an impending interview with the magistrates is signified by touching the peak of my cap.

These signs were revealed to me by a thief, who appeared to have no hesitation in making them known. I sent them to a warder to be tested; and in less than a fortnight he saw most of them in operation in the exercise-yard. Give every man a separate yard to exercise in, and then you would not stop their intercourse. Conversation is carried on in the chapels. There it is that, by a peculiar coughing, or sneezing, arranged beforehand, a thief learns whether his wife or his crony has been taken. Then the singing is a most convenient cover for conversation; and the longer the hymn, of course the more agreeable it is to the singers. "What are you in for?" "How much have you got to serve?" and so on, is substituted for the devotional language of the hymn; and, sung with a solemn unmoved visage, passes undistinguished. Resolve that there shall be no singing and no responses in chapel; confine your prisoners each strictly to his cell, and still you will find some means of social converse unchecked. Sometimes they talk through the cell ventilators, for instance; and here it is, by the way, that they smoke their pipes. There is a strong current of air through the ventilators; and by judiciously placing his nose in the draught, the smoker contrives to get rid of the tell-tale odour which otherwise would witness to his stolen joys.

But there is one system of prison converse which distances all others for ingenuity: it is known as the telegraph. Prisoners are often heard tapping more or less gently in their cells. It sounds like the objectless occupation of idle hands, or an accompaniment to some wearily whistled tune, which no warder is bound to take cognizance of. In fact, it is the clicking of the telegraph, and this is how it is worked. The staples upon which the bed-hooks hang penetrate the walls that divide the cells; and iron is so facile a conductor of sound that, for that matter, there might just as well be no masonry between the prisoners at all. The slightest tap on a staple in one cell is distinctly heard in the other; and it is only necessary, therefore, to arrange a code of alphabetical rap-signals, and conversation is easy enough, though not very fluent. Two neighbouring prisoners have a mind to talk. One of them gives his staple a few smart raps to engage the other's attention, and then they begin. "What are you in for?" is the first question; and the inquirer taps off, in regular quick strokes, every letter in the alphabet till he comes to the twenty-third, *w*. There he pauses for a moment, and then begins again: one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, which is *h*; and so on till "what" is spelled out. A



few very rapid strokes signify that the word is complete; and as soon as the other party to the conversation telegraphs that he has got the word all right (which is done by repeating those rapid strokes on *his* side the wall), the next word is forthwith commenced. But sometimes the operator gives a tap too many in the middle of a word, which would confuse it altogether, of course, if provision had not been made for so likely an accident. The remedy is simple. With the instrument he taps with, the operator rubs the staple, as if erasing the wrongful letter; his friend on the other side repeats the rub, in token that he understands the signal, and the mistake is audibly corrected.

It is obvious that this system of telegraphy must be very slow at first, but time is only worth killing in gaol, and when once the prisoner has become familiar with the telegraph, he works it with astonishing rapidity, as I can myself testify; for I have both heard and seen it in operation. It appears to be commonly known amongst professional thieves, and sometimes to occasional offenders: obviously an advantage to those who are in the secret, for the more widely it is known the more frequent is the chance of conversation. Not that it is absolutely necessary for communication between two prisoners that they should reside in neighbouring cells. A flat between two sharps by no means spoils the harmony of social intercourse, as might have been supposed. The knowing ones may be five cells apart, and still carry on conversation. A warder one day informed me that, to his great astonishment, he had been told by a prisoner all that had passed in several interviews between himself (the warder) and another culprit whose cell was five walls off! The officer was sure that the men had never seen or spoken to each other; and yet all that had passed in the one's cell was known to the other. It was a startling case, but I discovered the explanation, and put it beyond doubt. I requested the warder to place an officer in an empty cell, and himself to go into another, five distant; they were then to rap on the wall and listen for a response. The experiment succeeded to admiration: every tap delivered upon the wall of one cell was distinctly heard in the other. It is idle to talk of the separate system after this.

Thieves have a native horror of work, and to escape the light tasks of prison labour will not only feign sickness but produce it. To secure the enjoyment of nothing-to-do in hospital, with the snugger lodging and better food of that institution, a man will purposely expose himself to cold, and catch it severely. But if hospital comforts are to be obtained by feigning, that method is preferred of course. Blood-spitting is a very favourite device; or a poignant pain in the chest. Soap-pills taken in sufficient quantity are highly esteemed as productive of a large amount of showy but safe sickness. On convict stations—Bermuda, for example—a sick band is occasionally made up. The conspiracy is usually set afoot by some old thief, who, having taken thought, proposes to his companions that "we have a day in the bay to-morrow, my boys, for the good of our health." If no extraordinary concurrence of circumstances forbids the

plan, it is agreed upon; and then comes a distribution of complaints. To one a touch of lumbago is assigned; another appropriates a splitting headache, with dizziness and singing in the ears. A third proposes for himself acute pains in the chest; but this is objected to by the rest of the party, on the ground that he has had that complaint too often already. Various suggestions are made, suitable to his constitution; he takes his choice, and at length every man is fitted with a disease more or less to his liking. They then "go sick" to the doctor, who often sees through the plot of course; but it does *not* follow of course that he sends the impostors back to their tasks. Most medical men concerned with the criminal classes are obliged to make doubtful concessions now and then "for the sake of peace."

Since the thief succeeds so well in making a joke of the elaborate solitary system, we can scarcely expect him to leave his ingenuity unexercised in other penal situations. On public works, in the convict ship, and at the foreign station, he is generally found equal to all emergencies; the farther he advances in the school of punishment, the more corrupt, the more daring, and the more crafty he becomes. Reformation at the public works of Chatham, and Portland, and Dartmoor, is out of the question. All sorts of criminals are thrown together in an indiscriminate herd, where penitence is laughed out of countenance or persecuted to death. Evasion of discipline is easier than ever; and the culprit who was not sharp enough to secure his own indulgence in the first stage of his punishment, finds ready means of doing so after escaping separate confinement for the public works. We have all heard, and all thought, of the terrible disturbance that broke out at Chatham a little while since. That mutiny was known by the criminal class at large to have been determined upon long before it occurred. And what was the real cause of the outbreak? A large number of men, by no means stupid or ignorant of their situation, create a riot. They know they are quite unlikely to get any advantage out of it—that, on the other hand, it will probably end, so far as they are concerned, in their being tied up to the triangles, and soundly flogged; and yet they create the riot. It is obvious at once that there must have been extraordinary provocation for so desperate a rebellion; and the thieves say that their madness was occasioned by the extortion of corrupt officers! These friends of the poor prisoner, who stretched a point of duty to bring in a little money, a little rum and tobacco, to ameliorate the hardships of his condition, would at last only consent to do so at such a figure as exasperated him to madness. Out of five pounds sent by a prisoner's friends, the obliging go-between would sometimes appropriate four! The convicts would bear it no longer—so they aver—and in their desperation got up the riot.

But this is only the testimony of thieves and desperadoes, it may be said. The reply is pertinent, but it is not at all conclusive. I can only say, I know that thievery foretold the riot long before it happened; that I know the cause as I have stated it was then assigned for the event; and

that directly after the mutiny, a very significant printed paper was enclosed in convicts' letters, and circulated in prisons. The following is a copy of this paper :—

“NOTICE AND CAUTION TO FRIENDS OF PRISONERS.

“Some persons employed about the prison have obtained money from friends of prisoners, and have used it for their own purposes, or have given a part of it to the prisoners contrary to the regulations and to law, which has caused the prisoners to be punished, and to forfeit many advantages. Several persons have been detected and committed to gaol for this offence. Friends of prisoners are therefore seriously cautioned against sending money to prisoners in any way except by letter addressed to them directly through the post-office. All such letters will be opened by the governor, and the receipt of them acknowledged by the prisoner, and the money will be credited to his account. Friends of prisoners are recommended immediately to enclose to the governor any letter or other application they may receive, whether it be for money or on any other subject.

“F. and T., 50,000, 5—61.”

Out of doors the Chatham uproar has never yet been fairly understood; but all this makes its provocation clear, I think. I have heard of a case in which fifty pounds were sent to a prisoner, and not a farthing of the money reached him. He learned that it *had* been sent only when, drafted from gaol to a convict station, his friends took leave of him on board ship.

It is a common belief among criminals that no prisoner escapes from gaol without the assistance or connivance of some of the officers. This doctrine is too sweeping to be accepted altogether : the truth is, probably, that most and not all escapes are favoured by the kindness or cupidity of warders. It has often been discovered that escaping prisoners have found friends awaiting them without the walls : how did these people become acquainted with the project of escape, and the hour at which it was to be attempted ? Some cases of this sort, with very interesting particulars, might be instanced here, but it would be dangerous to do so. On public works facilities of escape are more easily arranged than in gaols ; but the price is high. Twenty pounds, fifty pounds, a hundred pounds, have been paid by a runaway for being placed in circumstances favourable to escape. An old offender, talking of these things with me, said, waggishly, “If some things are known to the law-makers, some things are also known to the law-breakers.”

The “accidents” on public works are not always to be credited with that innocent appellation : sometimes they are deliberate murders. Spite and hatred are passions easily engendered in convict gangs, and unfortunate is he who arouses them. His enemies will have the pleasure of seeing him die, or of being brought near to death. They are lowering a stone, perhaps, which the victim is to receive below. The stone is launched without warning ; or the lowering tackle gives way ; at any rate, the mass falls on the man, and he is killed.

Life on board a convict-ship is prettily illustrated in the following account, with which a thief of great experience and long standing has favoured me:—

"Some of the greatest villains on the face of the earth are to be found aboard a convict-ship. Their conversation is awful to hear—it is so filthy and blasphemous. Here and there amongst them you may find men who are really anxious to reform, and have brought a taste of religion with them out of some model prison. These men are called "joeys" by the ruffians they are packed with, and who persecute them out of their senses almost. If a joey is only caught saying his prayers, woe to him. It might be supposed that there is some protection for a man of this sort, if he appeals for it: nothing of the kind. There is no officer on duty between decks. The sentinel cannot get to the persecuting mob, and he doesn't want to; he enjoys the sport too much himself. An old gentleman with a short temper is a perfect godsend to his fellow convicts: he is kept in an everlasting rage, and the more he froths and swears, the more fun there is, of course. Honour among thieves I've heard of, and believe partly; but there's little of that in a convict-ship. They rob and plunder one another without mercy, and nothing is too hot or too heavy for them. It is this plundering and tormenting that causes so many disturbances on board. It is here, too, that old grudges are paid off. If one man has done another any injury in the prison they came from—betrayed anything for instance—his life is not worth much when they come together on board ship. A mob of enemies is soon enlisted against him, who rob him of his food, garotte him, beat him unmercifully. These pranks are generally played in the dark. The poor fellow reports his tormentors to the doctor perhaps; but if he does, so much the worse for him. He has to suffer double then, for mischief-making. So he finds at last he had better take his miseries quietly; though it is not easy to do so when it comes to scalding. That is a favourite way of ill-using a black sheep. A man comes down the ladder with a bucket of boiling tea or water, and if any one he has got a grudge against happens to be near enough for the purpose, he has an accident, tumbles off the ladder and souses his "mark" in the boiling liquor. He may get scalded himself in the tumble, but he will run the risk of that if he feels pretty sure of having his revenge. All sorts of gambling goes on in a convict-ship, cards, dice, and dominoes being made out of almost anything the men can lay hands on. Those who would read to each other are annoyed by the roughs; their scripture-reader is made a laughing-stock of. Tobacco, pipes, and grog are to be got by paying a good price to the sailors; and so with gambling, and rioting, and worse, the voyage is got over. Convicts ought to have some employment on board ship; that, and gratuities for good conduct, would make a reformation, I am confident."

On the foreign convict stations the same corruption breeds. The professional rogue there, as elsewhere, does his utmost to avoid punishment, and to increase his skill in the practice of crime. They have their

pastimes, too, as well as their punishments: flogging is one of them. Whenever a felon is to be flogged, his comrades seize the occasion for a little excitement, and make bets as to whether he will cry out or not. If he utters the faintest groan, money is won and lost, and the unhappy wretch is degraded at once in public estimation. Any expression of suffering is thought so disgraceful, that to redeem his character the sufferer will sometimes bring down the lash upon himself again, only to show that he can bear it without a cry. The flogger probably knows that this is a redemption flogging, and lays on with all his strength, determined to make the martyr "squeak." The blood flows, the flesh is torn, the teeth are grinding together, every muscle quivers with pain; but the candidate for double honours will die rather than give way to the groans with which his chest is heaving. The ordeal is satisfactorily accomplished, and a collection is then made for the hero, the flogger himself sometimes gracefully heading the list. It will be seen that this is not so much discipline as "jolly fun."

Another popular amusement is the "heel and toe march." The convicts have to walk a mile or two to their work. When they have got some little distance on the road, an old "lag" and recognized leader bawls out, "Now, my boys, heel and toe!" "Heel and toe! heel and toe!" shout the approving gang, and the game commences. A halt is made, and the convicts form in single line, each man putting the heel of his right foot close against the toe of the left. "March, boys! steady!" is now the cry; whereupon the heel of the left foot is brought forward to the toe of the right, and so the jovial gang "march on," at the rate of half a mile an hour! The heel and toe march has produced some rather heavy flogging in Bermuda; but it is a favourite pastime, nevertheless.

Rows about rations are of frequent occurrence of course, and they are enjoyed as a relief to the monotony of convict life. If a serious riot can be got up, so much the better; if not, then a mock indignation-meeting can be held. There is old Jerry, who has so long been accustomed to convict rations that his hands are as capable of weighing them as any Government pair of scales whatever. He finds that he has been defrauded of his allowance by half an ounce, and getting on his legs he addresses his companions on the subject. Such a speech has been reported to me as follows: "Gentlemen, this here dinner ain't weight; and it's not the first time I have been short. Now I don't wish to get our superiors here anyways into trouble"—(*A voice*.—"They are not our superiors—they are our servants, paid by Government to take care of us.")—"but such is their neglect of duty that I shall feel bound to bring the matter afore the House of Commons. (Hear, hear!) The nation pays for our victuals, and it would be ungrateful on our parts not to look after it." (Cheers. "Old England for ever.") "Meantime, as I said before, this dinner ain't weight, and I shall go to the officers and call their polite attention to it."

Amidst cries of "It's of no use," the old rogue betakes himself to an officer, and presently returns with the mistake corrected. "You see,

gentlemen," he exclaims, again haranguing his companions, "I have succeeded in making our servants do their duty. But as for you, you'll put up with anything; the honour of Old England is not safe in your hands. However—sorry to drink your health in water only, but here's to you, all the same—may we never want a right-screw in prison nor the needful out of it." (Cheers, followed by "Britons never shall be slaves.")

It must not be supposed, however, that the private occupations of convicts are entirely devoted to amusement. They love business as well as pleasure, and lose no opportunity of "doing a good thing." A returned convict once told me (and I do not doubt his statement), that a felon on a certain foreign station had contrived to set up a press for the manufacture of counterfeit half-sovereigns; and that the enterprising possessor of this machine not only coined many pieces, but passed them. It is difficult to suppose that *that* could be done without the connivance of officers.

Here I shall conclude, leaving the reader to make his own reflections, and draw his own inferences. Two things he has mainly to guard against—one, the supposition that there is no hardship in convict life, for it is full of affliction; the other, the dream of *reforming* criminals by any mode of prison discipline now practised. The habitual thief in gaol often exhibits a well-simulated life of repentance for convenience sake; but within, the real elements of his character grow and wanton unrestrained. Confined to his own resources, thrown back upon himself, he is not at all improved by the process. Rogues sequestered in solitary cells *ought* to occupy their thoughts with repentance, no doubt; but, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, their cogitations take a directly opposite course. Here is the written testimony of one of them. He says the thoughts of the prisoner "are always occupied with what he has been, and what he may be, in his career of crime. He runs over his past life, thoroughly examines his mistakes, guards and strengthens his weak points, and resolves to be more skilful next time. What college is to the student, that prison is to the thief. His prison days are his thief-making days. Most new dodges are invented and planned in prison. At night he dreams of trials, successes, flying over the prison walls, and perdition. He lies upon his bed for hours together, thinking and dreaming of what he will do when he gets at large. He reads only to kill time; his thoughts are rummaging among his past blunders, and elaborating plans for the future."

Very difficult to deal with is such a man, whether kept in solitude or herded with his fellows; but it is well to learn as much about him as we can, and there are some particulars in this paper which are very worthy of attention, I venture to think.



## The Mental Condition of Babies.

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PHILOSOPHERS are far from unanimous respecting the blank-paper stage of the infant mind; and among men and women not addicted to philosophical speculation there is a long-standing controversy on the subject. To an unimpassioned spectator the small citizen struggling in its cot, somewhat purple and pulpy in general aspect, and when in the nurse's arms somewhat "wobbly" as to its head, is, if not the centre of many emotions and much interest, an object of some curiosity, and suggests inevitable reflections respecting its mental condition. Its pretensions to intellectual eminence, though artfully, and sometimes vociferously, asserted by the women, are dubiously received by the men. The dispute waxes remonstrant on the one side, half playful on the other; or if the male sceptic has not the courage of his opinion, but acquiesces in the more emphatic statements of the nurse, mother, sisters, aunts, and gossips, the acquiescence is languid, and betrays its secret misgiving. This must cease. Baby's pretensions must be settled. Hypocrisy at the cradle is intolerable. The men must no longer be out-talked and out-voted; they must be convinced. It is thought that their sagacity in this particular is frustrated by their general and comprehensive ignorance of babies. "Men know nothing of babies." Hence, no doubt their obtuseness in failing to perceive the slight but unmistakable indications so certainly seized on by women. They do not even vividly detect that marked resemblance of feature and expression which women always discover in baby—"the very image of its father." Often when called upon to admire "the smile," they fail to see in it anything but a feeble grimace; nay, we have even known a man—with the courage of his opinion—to mutter, "gripes."

To end this controversy, we must appeal to science, with her passionless experimental methods, equally regardless of the fluttering agitations and flattering self-delusions of maternal instinct, and of the combative opinionativeness of men always ready to presuppose irrationality in woman. Science sets aside emotion, and sees only the logical connection between a premiss and its conclusion. Her verdict, therefore, may be invoked; and thus fresh interest (with more quiet) be established round the cradle.

No one, perhaps, has ever ventured in plain language to deny that babies are from the first in possession of minds; but the loose indistinctness of an inexact philosophy admits of many phrases pointing in that direction; and the famous phrase of the mind being a blank sheet of paper—*tabula rasa*—upon which experience scribbles preliminary pot-hooks, then large text, round hand, and finally running hand, is one

which science discloses to be very inaccurate. Very far from a *tabula rasa* is the mind of a new-born infant. It is from the first equipped with sensibilities and organized tendencies, which not only vindicate its psychological character, but at once manifest its *individual* peculiarities. On two blank pages the same pen will draw the same characters; but from two infant minds the same experience will elicit different results. When philosophers talk about the senses as the scribes which write upon the *tabula rasa*, they mostly forget that the senses do not exist before the soul, nor apart from it; they are simply the several modes of the soul's activity. The eye is an organ apart from the soul; but the sense of sight is, of course, inseparable from sensation; and sensation is the soul in action.

Blank paper?—No. *Sensitive* surface?—Yes. The mind is not yet full-statured, but it is present. Just as the infant body has its complement of vitality, and of the chief organs by which that vitality will manifest itself—yet, owing to these organs not having attained their maturity of energy, the manifestations are correspondingly imperfect, falling short of the standard of adult energy—so likewise the infant has its complement of *mentality*, and the chief organs by which that mentality will manifest itself, when full-statured, equipped with developed faculties, strengthened by exercise and experience. If the baby cannot reason, neither can it walk. If it cannot speak, neither can it drive a tandem. These are the arts of well-equipped energies. But the sensibilities and energies by which in after life both will be accomplished are present from the first.

Baby is not vigorous in body or mind. Beautiful exceedingly—no doubt; and so intelligent; but not vigorous. Immature; pulpy; greater at squalling than at ratiocination; helpless, except through its very weakness. Could we overlook the blessed moral influences which result from this helplessness, combined with the inheritance of maternal tenderness, we should consider that baby made his *début* too soon. It is otherwise with the young alligator; that young animal, having but a small inheritance of tenderness to which an appeal can successfully be made in its early struggles, emerges from the egg nearly as intelligent (the intelligence of an alligator, you will observe!) as its parents, and will snap at you directly it steps forth. The young chick, also, passes from its shell and unerringly picks up a grain of seed, *not* mistaking it, as you might, for a grain of sand; nor missing its aim, but so regulating the amount of muscular energy that it pecks with accuracy. Contrast with this the first appearance of an Aristotle, or a Cromwell! "Tears, idle tears" are to be his part in his life; cries, lusty cries, rehearse that part; his opening speech is a wail, most unmusical, most melancholy. In this, it is true, he acquits himself with some vigour: he gives his whole mind to it.

And here a parenthesis: That man squalls on first coming into the turbulent and tearful world is a fact which in all ages has seemed significant to thoughtful minds; but it remained for Hegel to detect its inner

meaning—its deeper depth. He saw in those initiatory squalls "the revelation of man's higher nature." Through this "ideal activity" the babe manifests himself to be "penetrated by the conviction of his right to claim the satisfaction of his needs from the outer world—that the independence of the outer world vanishes in the presence of man, sinks into servile insignificance. Hence the impetuous, imperious tone."\* The Germans are certainly profounder than we.

But if it be undeniable that the mental, as the bodily, manifestations of the new-born infant are imperfect, and if it be questioned whether the amount of intelligence detected by mothers and nurses can be recognized by the severer eye of Science, it is certain that philosophers have been hopelessly wrong in *their* estimates. There is more activity and more individuality than they have been willing to admit. Many philosophers have asserted that the Sensibility of the infant was almost wholly *indeterminate*; that the special sensibilities on which depend the variety of our sensations did not exist otherwise than in a latent potential condition. Even Cabanis, who denied that the mind was a *tabula rasa*, held that Taste, Scent, Hearing, and Sight were either wanting, or at the best but faintly possible, in the new-born infant. Other writers have attempted to assign the dates—the number of days and weeks—which must elapse before these special Senses acquire their activity. Now the mothers of Cornhill, and its "circumambient" parishes, will lend us, we trust, a ready ear when we affirm, first, that such opinions are mere guesses, founded sometimes on *à priori* views, sometimes on superficial observations; secondly, that the precision of scientific research discloses their utter inaccuracy, and vindicates the baby's claim to manifold sensibilities.

The first person who, to our knowledge, has examined this question in a scientific spirit, is Dr. Kussmaul, of Erlangen, who has recorded his conclusions in a little tract.† He first bethought him of making new-born infants subjects of *experiment*. This would, no doubt, have drawn upon him the voluble execrations of outraged womankind, were it not for one mollifying circumstance. Experiment on babies! We remember that, in a communication we submitted to the British Association for the Advancement of Science, the mention of experiments performed on sleeping children was not very well received by some mothers, although the experiments carried with them no operation more formidable than tickling the sleepers' cheeks. The sanctity of the infant was felt to have been violated! Perhaps, also, the experiments being mentioned in conjunction with others on decapitated frogs and salamanders, the timorous imagination at once conjured up visions of remorseless physiologists decapitating babies to detect the laws of nervous action. Yet although Dr. Kussmaul has been far more adventurous, he will no doubt be

\* HEGEL, *Werke*, vii. 93.

† KUSSMAUL, *Untersuchungen über das Seelenleben des Neugeborenen Menschen*: 1859.

forgiven for the sake of the results which so triumphantly vindicate the psychological integrity of the infant. But whether he be forgiven or not, we shall unhesitatingly lay hold of his results, and present them to our readers. Let us forget for a moment that the subjects of experiment were babies; or let us consider that, as they were German babies, their national devotion to philosophic truth may have condoned the offence.

More than twenty of both sexes, newly born, were subjected to similar experiments. To test their possession of the special sensibility called Taste, camel's-hair brushes were dipped in warm sweet and bitter solutions, and a drop of each was let fall on the tongue. In every case the effects observed were precisely analogous to the effects on adults. When the sweet solution was applied, the infants thrust out their lips, pressed the tongue between them, and began to suck and swallow. When the bitter solution was applied, the infants' faces were contracted: if only a slight amount of the bitter were given, only the nostrils and upper lip were drawn up; if a stronger dose, the eyebrows were wrinkled and the eyelids firmly closed, the œsophagus contracted, the mouth opened, and the tongue was stretched out to its full length. Sometimes the head was vehemently shaken—as with adults when suffering from disgust.

As expressions determined by the sense of Taste, these are unmistakable; and not only were they observed in children a few hours old, before having sucked, but were equally observed in children prematurely born. Very noticeable it is that among the subjects thus experimented on there were marked individual differences. Some took the sweet solution with evidences of the liveliest satisfaction, and began to suck with an energy far surpassing that of their companions. In others, one drop of the bitter solution produced more effect than three or four drops on less sensitive tongues. Thereby you perceive the nonsense talked by sceptical men who brutally repress feminine enthusiasm by asserting that "all babies are alike." When a fond pride singles out a baby as surpassing other babies in liveliness and intelligence, it cannot be pooh-poohed, unless upon the general ground that somehow *every* baby is discovered to have this pre-eminence. No: babies are not all alike; there are babies of genius, and babies of less fiery energy. Dr. Kussmaul mentions one case of a boy, aged four days, weighing seven pounds, who, on receiving a drop of the sweet solution, not only began sucking and swallowing, but passed from his previous state of quiet into one of restlessness, turning his head now right, now left, as if seeking his mother. Here it was evident that a sensation *recalled* a former sensation, and awakened the *desire* for fuller satisfaction, and as there was no mother at hand to satisfy this awakened desire, our young philosopher thrust his thumb in his mouth and sucked that: comforting, if not nutritive!

This very boy offers a curious case of the variations of individual sensibility, for the bitter solution seemed to produce no disagreeable sensation in him. After having had as much as five drops of the bitter solution—the largest dose Dr. Kussmaul ever gave—he manifested no disgust,

but continued sucking, as if it had been sweet. Astonished at such insensibility in a child so sensitive to other tastes, Dr. Kussmaul tried the effect of an acid applied to the edge of the tongue; even this had but a slight effect. Here we see a case of sensibility to sweets co-existing with an insensibility to bitters.

In one or two cases another paradoxical effect was noticed. The sweet solutions produced reactions somewhat similar to the bitter. These might have led a less sagacious experimenter to doubt his previous interpretations; they only made him examine more closely. He then found that they were due either to the influence of a pre-existing sensation of bitterness carried over into that of sweetness, or else to the effect of surprise. Thus, when an infant reacted energetically against the bitter sensation, he manifested similar reactions when a sweet solution was applied; but these became fainter with each successive application, and, at last, the sweet was followed by the usual contented sucking and swallowing. Again it was observed that if the face was distorted on a first application of the sweet, on a second application it disappeared, and the sucking began; hence the inference that the first expression was that of the shock of surprise.

Reviewing these curious experiments, it appears that as regards the special sense of Taste, the new-born infant is well equipped. Instead of the indeterminate sensibility which is usually assigned to this early period, we see evidences of a very determinate sensibility: not only is Taste discriminated as a special sensation from other sensations, such as those of Touch, Temperature, Pain, and Hunger; but within this speciality of Taste distinctions are established—the sweet and bitter are discriminated. Nor is this all. *Expression*, as all psychologists know, constitutes an important part of our mental activity: and in the new-born infant we see abundant evidence that the Sense of Taste sets in action the special muscles of Expression by which the sensation discharges itself. The sensation excites an emotion of pleasure or disgust; the emotion diffuses itself through the group of muscles subordinated to its expression.

Dr. Kussmaul also experimented on the sense of Touch; but as no one denies that babies possess it, we need not here record his experiments. Let us simply notice the sensibility of the eyelashes. These are the eyes' protectors; and the importance of their sensibility is great. In the infant, as in the adult, they close on the faintest touch; but in the infant their closure is only determined by sensation, never, as in adults, by intelligence. Every one knows how the impact of a grain of dust, an insect, or even a gust of air, causes the eyelashes to close—as the leaves of the Sensitive Plant close when an insect touches its hairs; every one knows how the sensation of dryness, caused by the evaporation from the surface of the eye, makes it necessary for us to wink every minute. But these are actions strictly determined by a sensation. There are also winking actions determined by ideas: as, for example, when we wink at some one by way of mute telegraphy; or when an object approaches, without

touching the eye. The baby, not having as yet ideas requiring telegraphic signals of a mute kind, nor having ideas of danger, only winks when the sensibility of the eyelid is excited. You cannot resist winking when a friend approaches his finger to your eye, let him assure you never so earnestly that he will not touch it; but the baby allows you to approach your finger as close as may be, without touching, and never winks. Here, then, is a clear and delicate test by which may be ascertained the early stages of psychological development: the baby which winks from an idea of danger has arrived at a new epoch of mental complexity. Meanwhile, from the first the sensibility of its eyelashes is exquisite. It may be shown by a simple experiment. Breathe on the forehead, or cheek, of the new-born child, and its eyelids will close, or, if closed, will tremble. Nor is this the effect of temperature, as may be proved by an "experiment of control." Take a tube, and through it breathe upon various parts of the face; so long as the eyelashes are untouched, no winking will be seen, but directly one of the lashes is moved, down goes the lid.

Passing to the sense of Temperature, it is unnecessary to appeal to anything beyond the daily experience of the nursery. The delight of baby in a warm bath, and its energetic disgust in the cold bath, settle that question.

The sense of Smell, although present, seems but imperfectly developed. It is, however, one which there is difficulty in testing. If powerful scents are brought under the noses of sleeping children they become unquiet, move head and arms, wrinkle their faces, and compress the eyelids. The effect, however, rapidly disappears: after about three applications, the child sleeps on as if insensible.

The sense of Sight, in as far as it involves the mere sensibility of the eye to light, is very keen; but the power of seeing is a much more complex affair, and is of later growth. We have no means of tracing its early stages.

The sense of Hearing is the only one of the special senses in which the infant seems absolutely deficient, probably because the adjustment of its delicate mechanism is not yet complete. Certain it is, that the most discordant noises produce no visible effect on the sleeping infant; and therefore the somewhat superfluous solicitude of mothers and nurses "not to wake baby" may be deferred till a later date.

Hunger and Thirst begin to agitate creation's lord about six hours after birth; sometimes not until twelve and even four-and-twenty hours. They are manifested by restlessness and motions of sucking. The head is turned to the right and then to the left, as if in search. The hands wander over the face, and getting into the mouth are sucked. If now left to itself, without food, baby soon falls asleep again, soon to re-awake with greater agitations, which finally rise to the climax of a squall. If now you put a finger in his mouth he will suck vigorously, but on detecting the imposture, he relinquishes your finger, and tries the comfort of a more vigorous cry. If you again stroke his lips, he clutches the delusive finger, and again sucks with a noble confidence, again to be



deceived, and again to utter his protest—this time in terms unmistakable in their anger. He may perhaps struggle and cry himself once more to sleep; but is soon awake again. *Qui dort, dine*, is a proverb which may feed philosophers and Frenchmen, but not baby. "Penetrated," as Hegel says, "with the conviction of his right to claim the universe in satisfaction of his needs," he shows a fiery temper when that "universe" is withheld.

Dr. Kussmaul narrates an interesting case. A pretty lively maiden, born at seven in the morning, had quickly and repeatedly exhibited unequivocal signs of wanting her share of the "universe," and of having her imperious needs. But she was not fed till noon. About this period, before feeding, she became very restless, moving her head with searching inquiry, and crying lustily. During a brief interval of quiet, he gently stroked her left cheek with his finger, without touching her lips. Swiftly turning her head on this side, she seized his finger, and began sucking it. He removed it, and stroked her right cheek. As swiftly she turned on this side, and again seized his finger. Again he withdrew his finger, and stroked the opposite cheek. It was astonishing to see the rapidity and certainty with which she followed the movements. But now her energy took another form: her temper was fairly roused—as, indeed, the temper of an angel must have been under such provocations,—and, with violent struggles in her whole body, she ceased to pay any heed to the deceptive finger, no matter whether it stroked her cheeks or her lips. She was then pacified by being put to her mother.

We said before that babies exhibited marked individual differences. They do so even in the action of sucking. Some have a talent for it; others are so stupid as not only to be slow in learning it, but never *thoroughly* to acquire the art; just as there are men and women who never learn to eat with cleanliness and propriety.

Reviewing these evidences, we cannot escape the conclusion that, from the first, a baby manifests the special sensibilities which are, as it were, the *pabulum* of the mind, and through which it gains its knowledge of the external world. Not only are the Senses active, but Desire, Will, and Expression also manifest themselves; and all these are manifested in such varying degrees as to indicate marked individualities in several infants. Thus far Science leads us. If we wish to penetrate farther, and learn the condition of the "higher faculties," we are left without our experimental guide, and must rely on inference. Up to this point we have had some means of testing our inferences. The organs of sense, when stimulated, respond in the baby very much as in the adult. The emotions find their well-known expressions. This language we can interpret. But how are we to interpret the language of the higher faculties, supposing them to be in action? What can we know of the baby's imagination, abstraction, or comparison? We may warrantably reject the old notion of the mind being from the first well furnished with truths of wide generality—"innate ideas," as they were called; but the advance of psychology,

founded on physiology, has made it pretty certain that if not furnished with ready-made truths, if not enriched with innate ideas, the mind is from the first furnished with hereditary tendencies and aptitudes, even in directions purely intellectual. Inasmuch as Memory presupposes the experiences which are remembered, Abstraction presupposes the experiences which furnish the materials, and Ratiocination presupposes the experiences which furnish the propositions, we are forced to conclude that these actions of the soul emerge gradually; but the various epochs of their emergence and development are necessarily hidden from us.

According to the Platonic theory so magnificently expounded in Wordsworth's ode, the intellectual condition of the baby is transcendently superior to that of the philosopher; for he has just quitted the higher world of existences, and has descended amid the shadows, the Phenomena. That solemn, silent baby, in his nurse's arms, looking at this world with calm abstracted eyes, is, perhaps, resisting our endeavours to make him

Forget the glories he hath known,  
And that imperial palace whence he came.

The dandling motions and the cooing nonsense supposed to be best adapted to his intellectual appreciation are probably perplexing his memories of the Ideal world. Who knows of what he is meditating, as

He lies  
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,  
With light upon him from his father's eyes?

If he is conscious of the previous state of existence, what a mist of vanishing and futile shadows must *this* world appear to him. And if Plato be right, if Wordsworth be right, a new solemnity surrounds the cradle.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;  
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,  
Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
And cometh from afar;  
Not in entire forgetfulness,  
And not in utter nakedness,  
But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
From God, who is our home.  
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!  
Shades of the prison-house begin to close  
Upon the growing boy,  
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,  
He sees it in his joy;  
The Youth, who daily farther from the East  
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,  
And by the vision splendid  
Is on his way attended;  
At length the Man perceives it die away  
And fade into the light of common day.

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DEVOTEDLY ATTACHED TO THE YOUNG MAN!

## The Small House at Allington.

### CHAPTER XXV.

#### ADOLPHUS CROSBIE SPENDS AN EVENING AT HIS CLUB.



CROSBIE, as he was being driven from the castle to the nearest station, in a dog-cart hired from the hotel, could not keep himself from thinking of that other morning, not yet a fortnight past, on which he had left Allington; and as he thought of it he knew that he was a villain. On this morning Alexandrina had not come out from the house to watch his departure, and catch the last glance of his receding figure. As he had not started very early she had sat with him at the breakfast table; but others also had sat there, and when he got up to go, she did

no more than smile softly and give him her hand. It had been already settled that he was to spend his Christmas at Courcy; as it had been also settled that he was to spend it at Allington.

Lady Amelia was, of all the family, the most affectionate to him, and perhaps of them all she was the one whose affection was worth the most. She was not a woman endowed with a very high mind or with very noble feelings. She had begun life trusting to the nobility of her blood for everything, and declaring somewhat loudly among her friends that her father's rank and her mother's birth imposed on her the duty of standing closely by her own order. Nevertheless, at the age of thirty-three she had married her father's man of business, under circumstances which were not altogether creditable to her. But she had done her duty in her new sphere of life with some constancy and a fixed purpose; and now that her sister was going to marry, as she had done, a man much below herself in

social standing, she was prepared to do her duty as a sister and a sister-in-law.

"We shall be up in town in November, and of course you'll come to us at once. Albert Villa, you know, in Hamilton Terrace, St. John's Wood. We dine at seven, and on Sundays at two; and you'll always find a place. Mind you come to us, and make yourself quite at home. I do so hope you and Mortimer will get on well together."

"I'm sure we shall," said Crosbie. But he had had higher hopes in marrying into this noble family than that of becoming intimate with Mortimer Gazebee. What those hopes were he could hardly define to himself now that he had brought himself so near to the fruition of them. Lady De Courcy had certainly promised to write to her first cousin who was Under-Secretary of State for India, with reference to that secretaryship at the General Committee Office; but Crosbie, when he came to weigh in his mind what good might result to him from this, was disposed to think that his chance of obtaining the promotion would be quite as good without the interest of the Under-Secretary of State for India as with it. Now that he belonged, as we may say, to this noble family, he could hardly discern what were the advantages which he had expected from this alliance. He had said to himself that it would be much to have a countess for a mother-in-law; but now, even already, although the possession to which he had looked was not yet garnered, he was beginning to tell himself that the thing was not worth possessing.

As he sat in the train, with a newspaper in his hand, he went on acknowledging to himself that he was a villain. Lady Julia had spoken the truth to him on the stairs at Courcy, and so he confessed over and over again. But he was chiefly angry with himself for this,—that he had been a villain without gaining anything by his villany; that he had been a villain, and was to lose so much by his villany. He made comparison between Lily and Alexandrina, and owned to himself, over and over again, that Lily would make the best wife that a man could take to his bosom. As to Alexandrina, he knew the thinness of her character. She would stick by him, no doubt; and in a circuitous, discontented, unhappy way, would probably be true to her duties as a wife and mother. She would be nearly such another as Lady Amelia Gazebee. But was that a prize sufficiently rich to make him contented with his own prowess and skill in winning it? And was that a prize sufficiently rich to justify him to himself for his terrible villany? Lily Dale he had loved; and he now declared to himself that he could have continued to love her through his whole life. But what was there for any man to love in Alexandrina De Courcy?

While resolving, during his first four or five days at the castle, that he would throw Lily Dale overboard, he had contrived to quiet his conscience by inward allusions to sundry heroes of romance. He had thought of Lothario, Don Juan, and of Lovelace; and had told himself that the world had ever been full of such heroes. And the world, too, had treated such heroes well; not punishing them at all as villains, but caressing



them rather, and calling them curled darlings. Why should not he be a curled darling as well as another? Ladies had ever been fond of the Don Juan character, and Don Juan had generally been popular with men also. And then he named to himself a dozen modern Lotharios,—men who were holding their heads well above water, although it was known that they had played this lady false, and brought that other one to death's door, or perhaps even to death itself. War and love were alike, and the world was prepared to forgive any guile to militants in either camp.

But now that he had done the deed he found himself forced to look at it from quite another point of view. Suddenly that character of Lothario showed itself to him in a different light, and one in which it did not please him to look at it as belonging to himself. He began to feel that it would be almost impossible for him to write that letter to Lily, which it was absolutely necessary that he should write. He was in a position in which his mind would almost turn itself to thoughts of self-destruction as the only means of escape. A fortnight ago he was a happy man, having everything before him that a man ought to want; and now—now that he was the accepted son-in-law of an earl, and the confident expectant of high promotion—he was the most miserable, degraded wretch in the world!

He changed his clothes at his lodgings in Mount Street and went down to his club to dinner. He could, at any rate, do nothing that night. His letter to Allington must, no doubt, be written at once; but, as he could not send it before the next night's post, he was not forced to set to work upon it that evening. As he walked along Piccadilly on his way to St. James's Square, it occurred to him that it might be well to write a short line to Lily, telling her nothing of the truth,—a note written as though his engagement with her was still unbroken, but yet written with care, saying nothing about that engagement, so as to give him a little time. Then he thought that he would telegraph to Bernard and tell everything to him. Bernard would, of course, be prepared to avenge his cousin in some way, but for such vengeance Crosbie felt that he should care little. Lady Julia had told him that Lily was without father or brother, thereby accusing him of the basest cowardice. "I wish she had a dozen brothers," he said to himself. But he hardly knew why he expressed such a wish.

He returned to London on the last day of October, and he found the streets at the West End nearly deserted. He thought, therefore, that he should be quite alone at his club, but as he entered the dinner room he saw one of his oldest and most intimate friends standing before the fire. Fowler Pratt was the man who had first brought him into Sebright's, and had given him almost his earliest start on his successful career in life. Since that time he and his friend Fowler Pratt had lived in close communion, though Pratt had always held a certain ascendancy in their friendship. He was in age a few years senior to Crosbie, and was in truth a man of better parts. But he was less ambitious, less desirous of shining in the world, and much less popular with men in general. He was possessed of a moderate private fortune on which he lived in a

quiet, modest manner, and was unmarried, not likely to marry, inoffensive, useless, and prudent. For the first few years of Crosbie's life in London he had lived very much with his friend Pratt, and had been accustomed to depend much on his friend's counsel; but latterly, since he had himself become somewhat noticeable, he had found more pleasure in the society of such men as Dale, who were not his superiors either in age or wisdom. But there had been no coolness between him and Pratt, and now they met with perfect cordiality.

"I thought you were down in Barsestshire," said Pratt.

"And I thought you were in Switzerland."

"I have been in Switzerland," said Pratt.

"And I have been in Barsestshire," said Crosbie. Then they ordered their dinner together.

"And so you're going to be married?" said Pratt, when the waiter had carried away the cheese.

"Who told you that?"

"Well, but you are? Never mind who told me, if I was told the truth."

"But if it be not true?"

"I have heard it for the last month," said Pratt, "and it has been spoken of as a thing certain; and it is true; is it not?"

"I believe it is," said Crosbie, slowly.

"Why, what on earth is the matter with you, that you speak of it in that way? Am I to congratulate you, or am I not? The lady, I'm told, is a cousin of Dale's."

Crosbie had turned his chair from the table round to the fire, and said nothing in answer to this. He sat with his glass of sherry in his hand, looking at the coals, and thinking whether it would not be well that he should tell the whole story to Pratt. No one could give him better advice; and no one, as far as he knew his friend, would be less shocked at the telling of such a story. Pratt had no romance about women, and had never pretended to very high sentiments.

"Come up into the smoking-room and I'll tell you all about it," said Crosbie. So they went off together, and, as the smoking-room was untenanted, Crosbie was able to tell his story.

He found it very hard to tell;—much harder than he had beforehand fancied. "I have got into terrible trouble," he began by saying. Then he told how he had fallen suddenly in love with Lily, how he had been rash and imprudent, how nice she was—"infinitely too good for such a man as I am," he said;—how she had accepted him, and then how he had repented. "I should have told you beforehand," he then said, "that I was already half-engaged to Lady Alexandrina De Courcy." The reader, however, will understand that this half-engagement was a fiction.

"And now you mean that you are altogether engaged to her?"

"Exactly so."

"And that Miss Dale must be told that, on second thoughts, you have changed your mind?"

"I know that I have behaved very badly," said Crosbie.

"Indeed you have," said his friend.

"It is one of those troubles in which a man finds himself involved almost before he knows where he is."

"Well; I can't look at it exactly in that light. A man may amuse himself with a girl, and I can understand his disappointing her and not offering to marry her,—though even that sort of thing isn't much to my taste. But, by George, to make an offer of marriage to such a girl as that in September, to live for a month in her family as her affianced husband, and then coolly go away to another house in October, and make an offer to another girl of higher rank——"

"You know very well that that has had nothing to do with it."

"It looks very like it. And how are you going to communicate these tidings to Miss Dale?"

"I don't know," said Crosbie, who was beginning to be very sore.

"And you have quite made up your mind that you'll stick to the earl's daughter?"

The idea of jilting Alexandrina instead of Lily had never as yet presented itself to Crosbie, and now, as he thought of it, he could not perceive that it was feasible.

"Yes," he said, "I shall marry Lady Alexandrina;—that is, if I do not cut the whole concern, and my own throat into the bargain."

"If I were in your shoes I think I should cut the whole concern. I could not stand it. What do you mean to say to Miss Dale's uncle?"

"I don't care a —— for Miss Dale's uncle," said Crosbie. "If he were to walk in at that door this moment, I would tell him the whole story, without——"

As he was yet speaking, one of the club servants opened the door of the smoking-room, and seeing Crosbie seated in a lounging chair near the fire, went up to him with a gentleman's card. Crosbie took the card and read the name. "Mr. Dale, Allington."

"The gentleman is in the waiting-room," said the servant.

Crosbie for the moment was struck dumb. He had declared that very moment that he should feel no personal disinclination to meet Mr. Dale, and now that gentleman was within the walls of the club, waiting to see him!

"Who's that?" asked Pratt. And then Crosbie handed him the card. "Whew-w-w-hew," whistled Pratt.

"Did you tell the gentleman I was here?" asked Crosbie.

"I said I thought you were upstairs, sir."

"That will do," said Pratt. "The gentleman will no doubt wait for a minute." And then the servant went out of the room. "Now, Crosbie, you must make up your mind. By one of these women and all her friends you will ever be regarded as a rascal, and they of course will look out to punish you with such punishment as may come to their hands. You must now choose which shall be the sufferer."

The man was a coward at heart. The reflection that he might, even

now, at this moment, meet the old squire on pleasant terms,—or at any rate not on terms of defiance, pleaded more strongly in Lily's favour than had any other argument since Crosbie had first made up his mind to abandon her. He did not fear personal ill-usage;—he was not afraid lest he should be kicked or beaten; but he did not dare to face the just anger of the angry man.

"If I were you," said Pratt, "I would not go down to that man at the present moment for a trifle."

"But what can I do?"

"Shirk away out of the club. Only if you do that it seems to me that you'll have to go on shirking for the rest of your life."

"Pratt, I must say that I expected something more like friendship from you."

"What can I do for you? There are positions in which it is impossible to help a man. I tell you plainly that you have behaved very badly. I do not see that I can help you."

"Would you see him?"

"Certainly not, if I am to be expected to take your part."

"Take any part you like,—only tell him the truth."

"And what is the truth?"

"I was part engaged to that other girl before; and then, when I came to think of it, I knew that I was not fit to marry Miss Dale. I know I have behaved badly; but, Pratt, thousands have done the same thing before."

"I can only say that I have not been so unfortunate as to reckon any of those thousands among my friends."

"You mean to tell me, then, that you are going to turn your back on me?" said Crosbie.

"I haven't said anything of the kind. I certainly won't undertake to defend you, for I don't see that your conduct admits of defence. I will see this gentleman if you wish it, and tell him anything that you may desire me to tell him."

At this moment the servant returned with a note for Crosbie. Mr. Dale had called for paper and envelope, and sent up to him the following missive: "Do you intend to come down to me? I know that you are in the house." "For heaven's sake go to him," said Crosbie. "He is well aware that I was deceived about his niece,—that I thought he was to give her some fortune. He knows all about that, and that when I learned from him that she was to have nothing——"

"Upon my word, Crosbie, I wish you could find another messenger."

"Ah! you do not understand," said Crosbie in his agony. "You think that I am inventing this plea about her fortune now. It isn't so. He will understand. We have talked all this over before, and he knew how terribly I was disappointed. Shall I wait for you here, or will you come to my lodgings? Or I will go down to the Beaufort, and will wait for you there." And it was finally arranged that he should get himself out of this club and wait at the other for Pratt's report of the interview.

"Do you go down first," said Crosbie.

"Yes: I had better," said Pratt. "Otherwise you may be seen. Mr. Dale would have his eye upon you, and there would be a row in the house." There was a smile of sarcasm on Pratt's face as he spoke which angered Crosbie even in his misery, and made him long to tell his friend that he would not trouble him with this mission,—that he would manage his own affairs himself; but he was weakened and mentally humiliated by the sense of his own rascality, and had already lost the power of asserting himself, and of maintaining his ascendancy. He was beginning to recognize the fact that he had done that for which he must endure to be kicked,—to be kicked morally if not materially; and that it was no longer possible for him to hold his head up without shame.

Pratt took Mr. Dale's note in his hand and went down into the strangers' room. There he found the squire standing, so that he could see through the open door of the room to the foot of the stairs down which Crosbie must descend before he could leave the club. As a measure of first precaution the ambassador closed the door; then he bowed to Mr. Dale, and asked him if he would take a chair.

"I wanted to see Mr. Crosbie," said the squire.

"I have your note to that gentleman in my hand," said he. "He has thought it better that you should have this interview with me;—and under all the circumstances perhaps it is better."

"Is he such a coward that he dare not see me?"

"There are some actions, Mr. Dale, that will make a coward of any man. My friend Crosbie is, I take it, brave enough in the ordinary sense of the word, but he has injured you."

"It is all true, then?"

"Yes, Mr. Dale; I fear it is all true."

"And you call that man your friend! Mr. ———; I don't know what your name is."

"Pratt;—Fowler Pratt. I have known Crosbie for fourteen years,—ever since he was a boy; and it is not my way, Mr. Dale, to throw over an old friend under any circumstances."

"Not if he committed a murder."

"No; not though he committed a murder."

"If what I hear is true, this man is worse than a murderer."

"Of course, Mr. Dale, I cannot know what you have heard. I believe that Mr. Crosbie has behaved very badly to your niece, Miss Dale; I believe that he was engaged to marry her, or, at any rate, that some such proposition had been made."

"Proposition! Why, sir, it was a thing so completely understood that everybody knew it in the county. It was so positively fixed that there was no secret about it. Upon my honour, Mr. Pratt, I can't as yet understand it. If I remember right, it's not a fortnight since he left my house at Allington,—not a fortnight. And that poor girl was with him on the morning of his going as his betrothed bride. Not a fortnight since!

And now I've had a letter from an old family friend telling me that he is going to marry one of Lord De Courcy's daughters! I went instantly off to Courcy, and found that he had started for London. Now, I have followed him here; and you tell me it's all true."

"I am afraid it is, Mr. Dale; too true."

"I don't understand it; I don't, indeed. I cannot bring myself to believe that the man who was sitting the other day at my table should be so great a scoundrel. Did he mean it all the time that he was there?"

"No; certainly not. Lady Alexandrina De Courcy was, I believe, an old friend of his;—with whom, perhaps, he had had some lover's quarrel. On his going to Courcy they made it up; and this is the result."

"And that is to be sufficient for my poor girl?"

"You will, of course, understand that I am not defending Mr. Crosbie. The whole affair is very sad,—very sad, indeed. I can only say, in his excuse, that he is not the first man who has behaved badly to a lady."

"And that is his message to me, is it? And that is what I am to tell my niece? You have been deceived by a scoundrel. But what then? You are not the first! Mr. Pratt, I give you my word as a gentleman I do not understand it. I have lived a good deal out of the world, and am, therefore, perhaps, more astonished than I ought to be."

"Mr. Dale, I feel for you —"

"Feel for me! What is to become of my girl? And do you suppose that I will let this other marriage go on;—that I will not tell the De Courcys, and all the world at large, what sort of a man this is;—that I will not get at him to punish him? Does he think that I will put up with this?"

"I do not know what he thinks; I must only beg that you will not mix me up in the matter—as though I were a participator in his offence."

"Will you tell him from me that I desire to see him?"

"I do not think that that would do any good."

"Never mind, sir; you have brought me his message; will you have the goodness now to take back mine to him?"

"Do you mean at once,—this evening;—now?"

"Yes, at once—this evening,—now;—this minute."

"Ah; he has left the club; he is not here now; he went when I came to you."

"Then he is a coward as well as a scoundrel." In answer to which assertion, Mr. Fowler Pratt merely shrugged his shoulders.

"He is a coward as well as a scoundrel. Will you have the kindness to tell your friend from me that he is a coward and a scoundrel,—and a liar, sir."

"If it be so, Miss Dale is well quit of her engagement."

"That is your consolation, is it? That may be all very well now-a-days; but when I was a young man, I would sooner have burnt out my tongue than have spoken in such a way on such a subject. I would, indeed. Good-night, Mr. Pratt. Pray make your friend understand that he has not yet seen the last of the Dales; although, as you hint, the



ladies of that family will no doubt have learned that he is not fit to associate with them." Then, taking up his hat, the squire made his way out of the club.

"I would not have done it," said Pratt to himself, "for all the beauty, and all the wealth, and all the rank that ever were owned by a woman,"

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#### CHAPTER XXVI.

##### LORD DE COURCY IN THE BOSOM OF HIS FAMILY.

LADY Julia De Guest had not during her life written many letters to Mr. Dale of Allington, nor had she ever been very fond of him. But when she felt certain how things were going at Courcy, or rather, as we may say, how they had already gone, she took pen in hand, and sat herself to work, doing, as she conceived, her duty by her neighbour.

MY DEAR MR. DALE (she said),

I BELIEVE I need make no secret of having known that your niece Lillian is engaged to Mr. Crosbie, of London. I think it proper to warn you that if this be true Mr. Crosbie is behaving himself in a very improper manner here. I am not a person who concern myself much in the affairs of other people; and under ordinary circumstances, the conduct of Mr. Crosbie would be nothing to me,—or, indeed, less than nothing; but I do to you as I would wish that others should do unto me. I believe it is only too true that Mr. Crosbie has proposed to Lady Alexandrina De Courcy, and been accepted by her. I think you will believe that I would not say this without warrant, and if there be anything in it, it may be well, for the poor young lady's sake, that you should put yourself in the way of learning the truth.

Believe me to be yours sincerely,

*Courcy Castle, Thursday.*

JULIA DE GUEST.

The squire had never been very fond of any of the De Guest family, and had, perhaps, liked Lady Julia the least of them all. He was wont to call her a meddling old woman,—remembering her bitterness and pride in those now long bygone days in which the gallant major had run off with Lady Fanny. When he first received this letter, he did not, on the first reading of it, believe a word of its contents. "Cross-grained old harridan," he said out loud to his nephew. "Look what that aunt of yours has written to me." Bernard read the letter twice, and as he did so his face became hard and angry.

"You don't mean to say you believe it?" said the squire.

"I don't think it will be safe to disregard it."

"What! you think it possible that your friend is doing as she says."

"It is certainly possible. He was angry when he found that Lily had no fortune."

"Heavens, Bernard! And you can speak of it in that way?"

"I don't say that it is true; but I think we should look to it. I will go to Courcy Castle and learn the truth."

The squire at last decided that he would go. He went to Courcy Castle, and found that Crosbie had started two hours before his arrival.

He asked for Lady Julia, and learned from her that Crosbie had actually left the house as the betrothed husband of Lady Alexandrina.

"The countess, I am sure, will not contradict it, if you will see her," said Lady Julia. But this the squire was unwilling to do. He would not proclaim the wretched condition of his niece more loudly than was necessary, and therefore he started on his pursuit of Crosbie. What was his success on that evening we have already learned.

Both Lady Alexandrina and her mother heard of Mr. Dale's arrival at the castle, but nothing was said between them on the subject. Lady Amelia Gazebee heard of it also, and she ventured to discuss the matter with her sister.

"You don't know exactly how far it went, do you?"

"No; yes;—not exactly, that is," said Alexandrina.

"I suppose he did say something about marriage to the girl?"

"Yes, I'm afraid he did."

"Dear, dear! It's very unfortunate. What sort of people are those Dales? I suppose he talked to you about them."

"No, he didn't; not very much. I daresay she is an artful, sly thing! It's a great pity men should go on in such a way."

"Yes, it is," said Lady Amelia. "And I do suppose that in this case the blame has been more with him than with her. It's only right I should tell you that."

"But what can I do?"

"I don't say you can do anything; but it's as well you should know."

"But I don't know, and you don't know; and I can't see that there is any use talking about it now. I knew him a long while before she did, and if she has allowed him to make a fool of her, it isn't my fault."

"Nobody says it is, my dear."

"But you seem to preach to me about it. What can I do for the girl? The fact is, he don't care for her a bit, and never did."

"Then he shouldn't have told her that he did."

"That's all very well, Amelia; but people don't always do exactly all that they ought to do. I suppose Mr. Crosbie isn't the first man that has proposed to two ladies. I dare say it was wrong, but I can't help it. As to Mr. Dale coming here with a tale of his niece's wrongs, I think it very absurd,—very absurd indeed. It makes it look as though there had been a scheme to catch Mr. Crosbie, and it's my belief that there was such a scheme."

"I only hope that there'll be no quarrel."

"Men don't fight duels now-a-days, Amelia."

"But do you remember what Frank Gresham did to Mr. Moffat when he behaved so badly to poor Augusta?"

"Mr. Crosbie isn't afraid of that kind of thing. And I always thought that Frank was very wrong,—very wrong indeed. What's the good of two men beating each other in the street?"

"Well; I'm sure I hope there'll be no quarrel. But I own I don't

like the look of it. You see the uncle must have known all about it, and have consented to the marriage, or he would not have come here."

"I don't see that it can make any difference to me, Amelia."

"No, my dear, I don't see that it can. We shall be up in town soon, and I will see as much as possible of Mr. Crosbie. The marriage, I hope, will take place soon."

"He talks of February."

"Don't put it off, Alley, whatever you do. There are so many slips, you know, in these things."

"I'm not a bit afraid of that," said Alexandrina, sticking up her head.

"I daresay not; and you may be sure that we will keep an eye on him. Mortimer will get him up to dine with us as often as possible, and as his leave of absence is all over, he can't get out of town. He's to be here at Christmas, isn't he?"

"Of course he is."

"Mind you keep him to that. And as to these Dales, I would be very careful, if I were you, not to say anything unkind of them to any one. It sounds badly in your position." And with this last piece of advice Lady Amelia Gazebee allowed the subject to drop.

On that day Lady Julia returned to her own home. Her adieux to the whole family at Courcy Castle were very cold, but about Mr. Crosbie and his lady-love at Allington she said no further word to any of them. Alexandrina did not show herself at all on the occasion, and indeed had not spoken to her enemy since that evening on which she had felt herself constrained to retreat from the drawing-room.

"Good-by," said the countess. "You have been so good to come, and we have enjoyed it so much."

"I thank you very much. Good morning," said Lady Julia, with a stately courtesy.

"Pray remember me to your brother. I wish we could have seen him; I hope he has not been hurt by the—the bull." And then Lady Julia went her way.

"What a fool I have been to have that woman in the house," said the countess, before the door was closed behind her guest's back.

"Indeed you have," said Lady Julia, screaming back through the passage. Then there was a long silence, then a suppressed titter, and after that a loud laugh.

"Oh, mamma, what shall we do?" said Lady Amelia.

"Do!" said Margaretta; "why should we do anything? She has heard the truth for once in her life."

"Dear Lady Dumbello, what will you think of us?" said the countess, turning round to another guest, who was also just about to depart. "Did any one ever know such a woman before?"

"I think she's very nice," said Lady Dumbello, smiling.

"I can't quite agree with you there," said Lady Clandilem. "But I

do believe she means to do her best. She is very charitable, and all that sort of thing."

"I'm sure I don't know," said Rosina. "I asked her for a subscription to the mission for putting down the Papists in the west of Ireland, and she refused me point-blank."

"Now, my dear, if you're quite ready," said Lord Dumbello, coming into the room. Then there was another departure; but on this occasion the countess waited till the doors were shut, and the retreating footsteps were no longer heard. "Have you observed," said she, to Lady Clandidlem, "that she has not held her head up since Mr. Palliser went away?"

"Indeed I have," said Lady Clandidlem. "As for poor Dumbello, he's the blindest creature I ever saw in my life."

"We shall hear of something before next May," said Lady De Courcy, shaking her head; "but for all that she'll never be Duchess of Omnium."

"I wonder what your mamma will say of me when I go away to-morrow," said Lady Clandidlem to Margaretta, as they walked across the hall together.

"She won't say that you are going to run away with any gentleman," said Margaretta.

"At any rate not with the earl," said Lady Clandidlem. "Ha, ha, ha! Well, we are all very good-natured, are we not? The best is that it means nothing."

Thus by degrees all the guests went, and the family of the De Courcys was left to the bliss of their own domestic circle. This, we may presume, was not without its charms, seeing that there were so many feelings in common between the mother and her children. There were drawbacks to it, no doubt, arising perhaps chiefly from the earl's bodily infirmities. "When your father speaks to me," said Mrs. George to her husband, "he puts me in such a shiver that I cannot open my mouth to answer him."

"You should stand up to him," said George. "He can't hurt you, you know. Your money's your own; and if I'm ever to be the heir, it won't be by his doing."

"But he gnashes his teeth at me."

"You shouldn't care for that, if he don't bite. He used to gnash them at me; and when I had to ask him for money I didn't like it; but now I don't mind him a bit. He threw the peerage at me one day, but it didn't go within a yard of my head."

"If he throws anything at me, George, I shall drop upon the spot."

But the countess had a worse time with the earl than any of her children. It was necessary that she should see him daily, and necessary also that she should say much that he did not like to hear, and make many petitions that caused him to gnash his teeth. The earl was one of those men who could not endure to live otherwise than expensively, and yet was made miserable by every recurring expense. He ought to have known by this time that butchers, and bakers, and corn-chandlers, and coal-merchants will not supply their goods for nothing; and yet it always

seemed as though he had expected that at this special period they would do so. He was an embarrassed man, no doubt, and had not been fortunate in his speculations at Newmarket or Homburg; but, nevertheless, he had still the means of living without daily torment; and it must be supposed that his self-imposed sufferings, with regard to money, rose rather from his disposition than his necessities. His wife never knew whether he were really ruined, or simply pretending it. She had now become so used to her position in this respect, that she did not allow fiscal considerations to mar her happiness. Food and clothing had always come to her,—including velvet gowns, new trinkets, and a man-cook,—and she presumed that they would continue to come. But that daily conference with her husband was almost too much for her. She struggled to avoid it; and, as far as the ways and means were concerned, would have allowed them to arrange themselves, if he would only have permitted it. But he insisted on seeing her daily in his own sitting-room; and she had acknowledged to her favourite daughter, Margaretta, that those half-hours would soon be the death of her. "I sometimes feel," she said, "that I am going mad before I can get out." And she reproached herself, probably without reason, in that she had brought much of this upon herself. In former days the earl had been constantly away from home, and the countess had complained. Like many other women she had not known when she was well off. She had complained, urging upon her lord that he should devote more of his time to his own hearth. It is probable that her ladyship's remonstrances had been less efficacious than the state of his own health in producing that domestic constancy which he now practised; but it is certain that she looked back with bitter regret to the happy days when she was deserted, jealous, and querulous. "Don't you wish we could get Sir Omicron to order him to the German Spas?" she had said to Margaretta. Now Sir Omicron was the great London physician, and might, no doubt, do much in that way.

But no such happy order had as yet been given; and, as far as the family could foresee, paterfamilias intended to pass the winter with them at Courcy. The guests, as I have said, were all gone, and none but the family were in the house when her ladyship waited upon her lord one morning at twelve o'clock, a few days after Mr. Dale's visit to the castle. He always breakfasted alone, and after breakfast found in a French novel and a cigar what solace those innocent recreations were still able to afford him. When the novel no longer excited him and when he was saturated with smoke, he would send for his wife. After that, his valet would dress him. "She gets it worse than I do," the man declared in the servants' hall; "and minds it a deal more. I can give warning, and she can't."

"Better? No I ain't better," the husband said, in answer to his wife's inquiries. "I never shall be better while you keep that cook in the kitchen."

"But where are we to get another if we send him away?"

"It's not my business to find cooks. I don't know where you're to

get one. It's my belief you won't have a cook at all before long. It seems you have got two extra men into the house without telling me."

"We must have servants, you know, when there is company. It wouldn't do to have Lady Dumbello here, and no one to wait on her."

"Who asked Lady Dumbello? I didn't."

"I'm sure, my dear, you liked having her here."

"D—— Lady Dumbello," and then there was a pause. The countess had no objection whatsoever to the above proposition, and was rejoiced that that question of the servants was allowed to slip aside, through the aid of her ladyship.

"Look at that letter from Porlock," said the earl; and he pushed over to the unhappy mother a letter from her eldest son. Of all her children he was the one she loved the best; but him she was never allowed to see under her own roof. "I sometimes think that he is the greatest rascal with whom I ever had occasion to concern myself," said the earl.

She took the letter and read it. The epistle was certainly not one which a father could receive with pleasure from his son; but the disagreeable nature of its contents was the fault rather of the parent than of the child. The writer intimated that certain money due to him had not been paid with necessary punctuality, and that unless he received it, he should instruct his lawyer to take some authorized legal proceedings. Lord De Courcy had raised certain moneys on the family property, which he could not have raised without the co-operation of his heir, and had bound himself, in return for that co-operation, to pay a certain fixed income to his eldest son. This he regarded as an allowance from himself; but Lord Porlock regarded it as his own, by lawful claim. The son had not worded his letter with any affectionate phraseology. "Lord Porlock begs to inform Lord De Courcy——" Such had been the commencement.

"I suppose he must have his money; else how can he live?" said the countess, trembling.

"Live!" shouted the earl. "And so you think it proper that he should write such a letter as that to his father!"

"It is all very unfortunate," she replied.

"I don't know where the money's to come from. As for him, if he were starving, it would serve him right. He's a disgrace to the name and the family. From all I hear, he won't live long."

"Oh, De Courcy, don't talk of it in that way!"

"What way am I to talk of it? If I say that he's my greatest comfort, and living as becomes a nobleman, and is a fine healthy man of his age, with a good wife and a lot of legitimate children, will that make you believe it? Women are such fools. Nothing that I say will make him worse than he is."

"But he may reform."

"Reform! He's over forty, and when I last saw him he looked nearly sixty. There;—you may answer his letter; I won't."

"And about the money?"



"Why doesn't he write to Gazebee about his dirty money? Why does he trouble me? I haven't got his money. Ask Gazebee about his money. I won't trouble myself about it." Then there was another pause, during which the countess folded the letter, and put it in her pocket.

"How long is George going to remain here with that woman?" he asked.

"I'm sure she is very harmless," pleaded the countess.

"I always think when I see her that I'm sitting down to dinner with my own housemaid. I never saw such a woman. How he can put up with it! But I don't suppose he cares for anything."

"It has made him very steady."

"Steady!"

"And as she will be confined before long it may be as well that she should remain here. If Porlock doesn't marry, you know——"

"And so he means to live here altogether, does he? I'll tell you what it is,—I won't have it. He's better able to keep a house over his own head and his wife's than I am to do it for them, and so you may tell them. I won't have it. D'ye hear?" Then there was another short pause. "D'ye hear?" he shouted at her.

"Yes; of course I hear. I was only thinking you wouldn't wish me to turn them out,—just as her confinement is coming on."

"I know what that means. Then they'd never go. I won't have it; and if you don't tell them I will." In answer to this Lady De Courcy promised that she would tell them, thinking perhaps that the earl's mode of telling might not be beneficial in that particular epoch which was now coming in the life of Mrs. George.

"Did you know," said he, breaking out on a new subject, "that a man had been here named Dale, calling on somebody in this house?" In answer to which the countess acknowledged that she had known it.

"Then why did you keep it from me?" And that gnashing of the teeth took place which was so specially objectionable to Mrs. George.

"It was a matter of no moment. He came to see Lady Julia De Guest."

"Yes; but he came about that man Crosbie."

"I suppose he did."

"Why have you let that girl be such a fool? You'll find he'll play her some knave's trick."

"Oh, dear, no."

"And why should she want to marry such a man as that?"

"He's quite a gentleman, you know, and very much thought of in the world. It won't be at all bad for her, poor thing. It is so very hard for a girl to get married now-a-days without money."

"And so they're to take up with anybody. As far as I can see, this is a worse affair than that of Amelia."

"Amelia has done very well, my dear."

"Oh, if you call it doing well for your girls, I don't. I call it doing uncommon badly; about as bad as they well can do. But it's your affair. I have never meddled with them, and don't intend to do it now."

"I really think she'll be happy, and she is devotedly attached to the young man."

"Devotedly attached to the young man!" The tone and manner in which the earl repeated these words were such as to warrant an opinion that his lordship might have done very well on the stage had his attention been called to that profession. "It makes me sick to hear people talk in that way. She wants to get married, and she's a fool for her pains;—I can't help that; only remember that I'll have no nonsense here about that other girl. If he gives me trouble of that sort, by — I'll be the death of him. When is the marriage to be?"

"They talk of February."

"I won't have any tomfoolery and expense. If she chooses to marry a clerk in an office, she shall marry him as clerks are married."

"He'll be the secretary before that, De Courcy."

"What difference does that make? Secretary, indeed! What sort of men do you suppose secretaries are? A beggar that came from nobody knows where! I won't have any tomfoolery;—d'ye hear?" Whereupon the countess said that she did hear, and soon afterwards managed to escape. The valet then took his turn; and repeated, after his hour of service, that "Old Nick" in his tantrums had been more like the Prince of Darkness than ever.

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#### CHAPTER XXVII

##### "ON MY HONOUR, I DO NOT UNDERSTAND IT."

IN the meantime Lady Alexandrina endeavoured to realize to herself all the advantages and disadvantages of her own position. She was not possessed of strong affections, nor of depth of character, nor of high purpose; but she was no fool, nor was she devoid of principle. She had asked herself many times whether her present life was so happy as to make her think that a permanent continuance in it would suffice for her desires, and she had always replied to herself that she would fain change to some other life if it were possible. She had also questioned herself as to her rank, of which she was quite sufficiently proud, and had told herself that she could not degrade herself in the world without a heavy pang. But she had at last taught herself to believe that she had more to gain by becoming the wife of such a man as Crosbie than by remaining as an unmarried daughter of her father's house. There was much in her sister Amelia's position which she did not envy, but there was less to envy in that of her sister Rosina. The Gazebee house in St. John's Wood Road was not so magnificent as Courcy Castle; but then it was less dull, less embittered by torment, and was moreover her sister's own.

"Very many do marry commoners," she had said to Margaretta.

"Oh, yes, of course. It makes a difference, you know, when a man has a fortune."

Of course it did make a difference. Crosbie had no fortune, was not even so rich as Mr. Gazebee, could keep no carriage, and would have no country house. But then he was a man of fashion, was more thought of in the world than Mr. Gazebee, might probably rise in his own profession, —and was at any rate thoroughly presentable. She would have preferred a gentleman with 5,000*l.* a year; but then as no gentleman with 5,000*l.* a year came that way, would she not be happier with Mr. Crosbie than she would be with no husband at all? She was not very much in love with Mr. Crosbie, but she thought that she could live with him comfortably, and that on the whole it would be a good thing to be married.

And she made certain resolves as to the manner in which she would do her duty by her husband. Her sister Amelia was paramount in her own house, ruling indeed with a moderate, endurable dominion, and ruling much to her husband's advantage. Alexandrina feared that she would not be allowed to rule, but she could at any rate try. She would do all in her power to make him comfortable, and would be specially careful not to irritate him by any insistence on her own higher rank. She would be very meek in this respect; and if children should come she would be as painstaking about them as though her own father had been merely a clergyman or a lawyer. She thought also much about poor Lilian Dale, asking herself sundry questions, with an idea of being high-principled as to her duty in that respect. Was she wrong in taking Mr. Crosbie away from Lilian Dale? In answer to these questions she was able to assure herself comfortably that she was not wrong. Mr. Crosbie would not, under any circumstances, marry Lilian Dale. He had told her so more than once, and that in a solemn way. She could therefore be doing no harm to Lilian Dale. If she entertained any inner feeling that Crosbie's fault in jilting Lilian Dale was less than it would have been had she herself not been an earl's daughter,—that her own rank did in some degree extenuate her lover's falseness,—she did not express it in words even to herself.

She did not get very much sympathy from her own family. "I'm afraid he does not think much of his religious duties. I'm told that young men of that sort seldom do," said Rosina. "I don't say you're wrong," said Margaretta. "By no means. Indeed, I think less of it now than I did when Amelia did the same thing. I shouldn't do it myself, that's all." Her father told her that he supposed she knew her own mind. Her mother, who endeavoured to comfort and in some sort to congratulate her, nevertheless, harped constantly on the fact that she was marrying a man without rank and without a fortune. Her congratulations were apologetic, and her comfortings took the guise of consolation. "Of course you won't be rich, my dear; but I really think you'll do very well. Mr. Crosbie may be received anywhere, and you never need be ashamed of him." By which the countess implied that her elder married daughter was occasionally called on to be ashamed of her husband. "I wish he

could keep a carriage for you, but perhaps that will come some day." Upon the whole Alexandrina did not repent, and stoutly told her father that she did know her own mind.

During all this time Lily Dale was as yet perfect in her happiness. That delay of a day or two in the receipt of the expected letter from her lover had not disquieted her. She had promised him that she would not distrust him, and she was firmly minded to keep her promises. Indeed no idea of breaking it came to her at this time. She was disappointed when the postman would come and bring no letter for her,—disappointed, as is the husbandman when the longed-for rain does not come to refresh the parched earth; but she was in no degree angry. "He will explain it," she said to herself. And she assured Bell that men never recognized the hunger and thirst after letters which women feel when away from those whom they love.

Then they heard at the Small House that the squire had gone away from Allington. During the last few days Bernard had not been much with them, and now they heard the news, not through their cousin, but from Hopkins. "I really can't undertake to say, Miss Bell, where the master's gone to. It's not likely the master 'd tell me where he was going to; not unless it was about seeds or the likes of that."

"He has gone very suddenly," said Bell.

"Well, miss, I've nothing to say to that. And why shouldn't he go sudden if he likes? I only know he had his gig, and went to the station. If you was to bury me alive I couldn't tell you more."

"I should like to try," said Lily as they walked away. "He is such a cross old thing. I wonder whether Bernard has gone with my uncle." And then they thought no more about it.

On the day after that Bernard came down to the Small House, but he said nothing by way of accounting for the squire's absence. "He is in London, I know," said Bernard.

"I hope he'll call on Mr. Crosbie," said Lily. But on this subject Bernard said not a word. He did ask Lily whether she had heard from Adolphus, in answer to which she replied, with as indifferent a voice as she could assume, that she had not had a letter that morning.

"I shall be angry with him if he's not a good correspondent," said Mrs. Dale, when she and Lily were alone together.

"No, mamma, you mustn't be angry with him. I won't let you be angry with him. Please to remember he's my lover and not yours."

"But I can see you when you watch for the postman."

"I won't watch for the postman any more if it makes you have bad thoughts about him. Yes, they are bad thoughts. I won't have you think that he doesn't do everything that is right."

On the next morning the postman brought a letter, or rather a note, and Lily at once saw that it was from Crosbie. She had contrived to intercept it near the back door, at which the postman called, so that her mother should not watch her watchings, nor see her disappointment if

none should come. "Thank you, Jane," she said, very calmly, when the eager, kindly girl ran to her with the little missive; and she walked off to some solitude, trying to hide her impatience. The note had seemed so small that it amazed her; but when she opened it the contents amazed her more. There was neither beginning nor end. There was no appellation of love, and no signature. It contained but two lines. "I will write to you at length to-morrow. This is my first day in London, and I have been so driven about that I cannot write." That was all, and it was scrawled on half a sheet of note-paper. Why, at any rate, had he not called her his dearest Lily? Why had he not assured her that he was ever her own? Such expressions, meaning so much, may be conveyed in a glance of the pen. "Ah," she said, "if he knew how I hunger and thirst after his love!"

She had but a moment left to her before she must join her mother and sister, and she used that moment in remembering her promise. "I know it is all right," she said to herself. "He does not think of these things as I do. He had to write at the last moment,—as he was leaving his office." And then, with a quiet, smiling face, she walked into the breakfast-parlour.

"What does he say, Lily?" asked Bell.

"What would you give to know?" said Lily.

"I wouldn't give twopence for the whole of it," said Bell.

"When you get anybody to write to you letters, I wonder whether you'll show them to everybody?"

"But if there's any special London news, I suppose we might hear it," said Mrs. Dale.

"But suppose there's no special London news, mamma. The poor man had only been in town one day, you know: and there never is any news at this time of the year."

"Had he seen uncle Christopher?"

"I don't think he had; but he doesn't say. We shall get all the news from him when he comes. He cares much more about London news than Adolphus does." And then there was no more said about the letter.

But Lily had read her two former letters over and over again at the breakfast-table; and though she had not read them aloud, she had repeated many words out of them, and had so annotated upon them that her mother, who had heard her, could have almost re-written them. Now, she did not even show the paper; and then her absence, during which she had read the letter, had hardly exceeded a minute or two. All this Mrs. Dale observed, and she knew that her daughter had been again disappointed.

In fact that day Lily was very serious, but she did not appear to be unhappy. Early after breakfast Bell went over to the parsonage, and Mrs. Dale and her youngest daughter sat together over their work. "Mamma," she said, "I hope you and I are not to be divided when I go to live in London."

"We shall never be divided in heart, my love."

"Ah, but that will not be enough for happiness, though perhaps enough to prevent absolute unhappiness. I shall want to see you, touch you, and pet you as I do now." And she came and knelt on the cushion at her mother's feet.

"You will have some one else to caress and pet,—perhaps many others,"

"Do you mean to say that you are going to throw me off, mamma?"

"God forbid, my darling. It is not mothers that throw off their children. What shall I have left when you and Bell are gone from me?"

"But we will never be gone. That's what I mean. We are to be just the same to you always, even though we are married. I must have my right to be here as much as I have it now; and, in return, you shall have your right to be there. His house must be a home to you,—not a cold place which you may visit now and again, with your best clothes on. You know what I mean, when I say that we must not be divided."

"But Lily ——"

"Well, mamma?"

"I have no doubt we shall be happy together,—you and I."

"But you were going to say more than that."

"Only this,—that your house will be his house, and will be full without me. A daughter's marriage is always a painful parting."

"Is it, mamma?"

"Not that I would have it otherwise than it is. Do not think that I would wish to keep you at home with me. Of course you will both marry and leave me. I hope that he to whom you are going to devote yourself may be spared to love you and protect you." Then the widow's heart became too full, and she put away her child from her that she might hide her face.

"Mamma, mamma, I wish I was not going from you."

"No, Lily; do not say that. I should not be contented with life if I did not see both my girls married. I think that it is the only lot which can give to a woman perfect content and satisfaction. I would have you both married. I should be the most selfish being alive if I wished otherwise."

"Bell will settle herself near you, and then you will see more of her and love her better than you do me."

"I shall not love her better."

"I wish she would marry some London man, and then you would come with us, and be near to us. Do you know, mamma, I sometimes think you don't like this place here."

"Your uncle has been very kind to give it to us."

"I know he has; and we have been very happy here. But if Bell should leave you ——"

"Then should I go also. Your uncle has been very kind, but I sometimes feel that his kindness is a burden which I should not be strong enough to bear solely on my own shoulders. And what should keep me here, then?" Mrs. Dale as she said this felt that the "here" of which she spoke extended beyond the limits of the home which she held through the charity of her brother-in-law. Might not all the world, as far as she



was concerned in it, be contained in that here? How was she to live if both her children should be taken away from her? She had already realized the fact that Crosbie's house could never be a home to her,—never even a temporary home. Her visits there must be of that full-dressed nature to which Lily had alluded. It was impossible that she could explain this to Lily. She would not prophesy that the hero of her girl's heart would be inhospitable to his wife's mother; but such had been her reading of Crosbie's character. Alas, alas, as matters were to go, his hospitality or inhospitality would be matter of small moment to them.

Again in the afternoon the two sisters were together, and Lily was still more serious than her wont. It might almost have been gathered from her manner that this marriage of hers was about to take place at once, and that she was preparing to leave her home. "Bell," she said, "I wonder why Dr. Crofts never comes to see us now?"

"It isn't a month since he was here, at our party."

"A month! But there was a time when he made some pretext for being here every other day."

"Yes, when mamma was ill."

"Ay, and since mamma was well, too. But I suppose I must not break the promise you made me give you. He's not to be talked about even yet, is he?"

"I didn't say he was not to be talked about. You know what I meant, Lily; and what I meant then, I mean now."

"And how long will it be before you mean something else? I do hope it will come some day,—I do indeed."

"It never will, Lily. I once fancied that I cared for Dr. Crofts, but it was only fancy. I know it, because ——" She was going to explain that her knowledge on that point was assured to her, because since that day she had felt that she might have learned to love another man. But that other man had been Mr. Crosbie, and so she stopped herself.

"I wish he would come and ask you himself."

"He will never do so. He would never ask such a question without encouragement, and I shall give him none. Nor will he ever think of marrying till he can do so without,—without what he thinks to be imprudence as regards money. He has courage enough to be poor himself without unhappiness, but he has not courage to endure poverty with a wife. I know well what his feelings are."

"Well, we shall see," said Lily. "I shouldn't wonder if you were married first now, Bell. For my part, I'm quite prepared to wait for three years."

Late on that evening the squire returned to Allington, Bernard having driven over to meet him at the station. He had telegraphed to his nephew that he would be back by a late train, and no more than this had been heard from him since he went. On that day Bernard had seen none of the ladies at the Small House. With Bell at the present moment it was impossible that he should be on easy terms. He could not meet her

alone without recurring to the one special subject of interest between them, and as to that he did not choose to speak without much forethought. He had not known himself, when he had gone about his wooing so lightly, thinking it a slight thing, whether or no he might be accepted. Now it was no longer a slight thing to him. I do not know that it was love that made him so eager;—not good, honest, downright love. But he had set his heart upon the object, and with the wilfulness of a Dale was determined that it should be his. He had no remotest idea of giving up his cousin, but he had at last persuaded himself that she was not to be won without some toil, and perhaps also some delay.

Nor had he been in a humour to talk either to Mrs. Dale or to Lily. He feared that Lady Julia's news was true,—that at any rate there might be in it something of truth; and while thus in doubt he could not go down to the Small House. So he hung about the place by himself, with a cigar in his mouth, fearing that something evil was going to happen, and when the message came for him, almost shuddered as he seated himself in the gig. What would it become him to do in this emergency if Crosbie had truly been guilty of the villany with which Lady Julia had charged him? Thirty years ago he would have called the man out, and shot at him till one of them was hit. Now-a-days it was hardly possible for a man to do that; and yet what would the world say of him if he allowed such an injury as this to pass without vengeance?

His uncle, as he came forth from the station with his travelling-bag in his hand, was stern, gloomy, and silent. He came out and took his place in the gig almost without speaking. There were strangers about, and therefore his nephew at first could ask no question, but as the gig turned the corner out of the station-house yard he demanded the news.

"What have you heard?" he said. But even then the squire did not answer at once. He shook his head, and turned away his face, as though he did not choose to be interrogated.

"Have you seen him, sir?" asked Bernard.

"No; he has not dared to see me."

"Then it is true?"

"True?—yes, it is all true. Why did you bring the scoundrel here? It has been your fault."

"No, sir; I must contradict that. I did not know him for a scoundrel."

"But it was your duty to have known him before you brought him here among them. Poor girl! how is she to be told?"

"Then she does not know it?"

"I fear not. Have you seen them?"

"I saw them yesterday, and she did not know it then; she may have heard it to-day."

"I don't think so. I believe he has been too great a coward to write to her. A coward indeed! How can any man find the courage to write such a letter as that?"

By degrees the squire told his tale. How he had gone to Lady Julia, had made his way to London, had tracked Crosbie to his club, and had there learned the whole truth from Crosbie's friend, Fowler Pratt, we already know. "The coward escaped me while I was talking to the man he sent down," said the squire. "It was a concerted plan, and I think he was right. I should have brained him in the hall of the club." On the following morning Pratt had called upon him at his inn with Crosbie's apology. "His apology!" said the squire. "I have it in my pocket. Poor reptile; wretched worm of a man! I cannot understand it. On my honour, Bernard, I do not understand it. I think men are changed since I knew much of them. It would have been impossible for me to write such a letter as that." He went on telling how Pratt had brought him this letter, and had stated that Crosbie declined an interview. "The gentleman had the goodness to assure me that no good could come from such a meeting. 'You mean,' I answered, 'that I cannot touch pitch and not be defiled!' He acknowledged that the man was pitch. Indeed, he could not say a word for his friend."

"I know Pratt. He is a gentleman. I am sure he would not excuse him."

"Excuse him! How could any one excuse him? Words could not be found to excuse him." And then he sat silent for some half mile. "On my honour, Bernard, I can hardly yet bring myself to believe it. It is so new to me. It makes me feel that the world is changed, and that it is no longer worth a man's while to live in it."

"And he is engaged to this other girl?"

"Oh, yes; with the full consent of the family. It is all arranged, and the settlements, no doubt, in the lawyer's hands by this time. He must have gone away from here determined to throw her over. Indeed, I don't suppose he ever meant to marry her. He was just passing away his time here in the country."

"He meant it up to the time of his leaving."

"I don't think it. Had he found me able and willing to give her a fortune he might, perhaps, have married her. But I don't think he meant it for a moment after I told him that she would have nothing. Well, here we are. I may truly say that I never before came back to my own house with so sore a heart."

They sat silently over their supper, the squire showing more open sorrow than might have been expected from his character. "What am I to say to them in the morning?" he repeated over and over again. "How am I to do it? And if I tell the mother, how is she to tell her child?"

"Do you think that he has given no intimation of his purpose?"

"As far as I can tell, none. That man Pratt knew that he had not done so yesterday afternoon. I asked him what were the intentions of his blackguard friend, and he said that he did not know,—that Crosbie would probably have written to me. Then he brought me this letter. There it is," and the squire threw the letter over the table; "read it and

let me have it back. He thinks probably that the trouble is now over as far as he is concerned."

It was a vile letter to have written,—not because the language was bad, or the mode of expression unfeeling, or the facts falsely stated,—but because the thing to be told was in itself so vile. There are deeds which will not bear a gloss,—sins as to which the perpetrator cannot speak otherwise than as a reptile; circumstances which change a man and put upon him the worthlessness of vermin. Crosbie had struggled hard to write it, going home to do it after his last interview on that night with Pratt. But he had sat moodily in his chair at his lodgings, unable to take the pen in his hand. Pratt was to come to him at his office on the following morning, and he went to bed resolving that he would write it at his desk. On the next day Pratt was there before a word of it had been written.

"I can't stand this kind of thing," said Pratt. "If you mean me to take it, you must write it at once." Then, with inward groaning, Crosbie sat himself at his table, and the words at last were forthcoming. Such words as they were! "I know that I can have no excuse to make to you, —or to her. But, circumstanced as I now am, the truth is the best. I feel that I should not make Miss Dale happy; and, therefore, as an honest man, I think I best do my duty by relinquishing the honour which she and you had proposed for me." There was more of it, but we all know of what words such letters are composed, and how men write when they feel themselves constrained to write as reptiles.

"As an honest man!" repeated the squire. "On my honour, Bernard, as a gentleman, I do not understand it. I cannot believe it possible that the man who wrote that letter was sitting the other day as a guest at my table."

"What are we to do to him?" said Bernard, after a while.

"Treat him as you would a rat. Throw your stick at him, if he comes under your feet; but beware, above all things, that he does not get into your house. That is too late for us now."

"There must be more than that, uncle."

"I don't know what more. There are deeds for committing which a man is doubly damned, because he has screened himself from overt punishment by the nature of his own villany. We have to remember Lily's name, and do what may best tend to her comfort. Poor girl! poor girl!"

Then they were silent, till the squire rose and took his bed candle. "Bernard," he said, "let my sister-in-law know early to-morrow that I will see her here, if she will be good enough to come to me after breakfast. Do not have anything else said at the Small House. It may be that he has written to-day."

Then the squire went to bed, and Bernard sat over the dining-room fire, meditating on it all. How would the world expect that he should behave to Crosbie? and what should he do when he met Crosbie at the club?

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